



THE

# Tattler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 29 April 1959

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## The scene behind the scenes of big fashion shows

Looking easterly from the village of Otterburn in Northumberland you can see the little old Mill that has stood beside the River Rede for well over two centuries.

During the early days of its long story the Mill prepared wool to be used for hand spinning in farms and cottages. In 1821 the first William Waddell took it over and the business developed as he and his sons began to make tweeds, rugs and blankets with the local cheviot wool.

Over the years the demand for Otterburn products outgrew the capacity of the little old Mill, and the Waddell family were obliged to expand by acquiring another border Mill at Warwick Bridge in Cumberland. And today, under the supervision of the Founder's

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Many of the world's leading couturiers are inspired by the carefully blended colours and subtle designs of Otterburn Tweeds, and the coming of Spring—with the sun shining but the nip in the air making it inadvisable to wear summer clothes—is the time to refresh your wardrobe with one of the latest Otterburn Tweeds.

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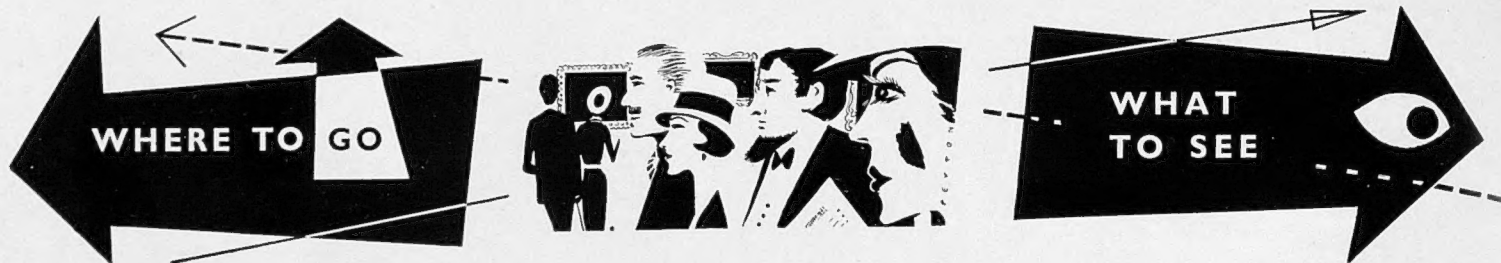
THE ENGLISH HOTEL IN THE MEDITERRANEAN MANNER

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## THINGS TO COME

30 April. **"Candide,"** Saville Theatre. The musical based on Voltaire's satire. Book by Lillian ("The Little Foxes") Hellman. *Décor* and costumes by Osbert Lancaster. Dorothy Parker wrote some of the lyrics.

1 May. **1,000 Guineas,** Newmarket. Second of the flat race classics (the 2,000 Guineas is run today). Strong entry.

1 May. **Royal Ocean Racing Club,** the 200-mile Southsea to Harwich race opens the fast cruisers' programme.

2 May. **Royal Academy Summer Exhibition,** Burlington House. Curtain-up on the London Season.

2 May. **International Trophy** at Silverstone. The *Daily Express* motor racing meeting that traditionally "sorts them out."

3 May. **Tchaikovsky Concert,** Royal Albert Hall. London Philharmonic Orchestra, solo pianist Shura Cherkassy. Old and tried favourites, including the 1812 Overture.

4 May. **W.V.S. Exhibition,** Tea Centre, Regent St. (to be opened by the Duchess of Gloucester). Part of the coming-of-age celebrations.

7 May. **Ballet Gala** at Covent Garden, in honour of the Shah of Iran. He will be accompanied by the Queen & Prince Philip.

9-18 May. **National Gliding Championships,** Lasham, Hants. Entries in two leagues, for top experts and improvers. More than 130 expected to fly.

14-16 May. **Royal Windsor Horse Show,** Home Park, Windsor. The horse show *de luxe*, in the shadow of Windsor Castle. Floodlit evening sessions, and the Blues band.

15 May. **Grand Opera.** A new production of *Parsifal* (last seen in London in 1951) at the Royal Opera House. Title rôle sung by Jon Vickers, new sets and costumes by Paul Walter from the Mannheim Opera.

15-16 May. **Walker Cup.** Britain v. U.S. at Murrayfield, Edinburgh. Blue riband golf with a transatlantic flavour.

17-22 May. **Music Festival.** Buxton International Festival of Music, Derbyshire. To the healing waters are added soothing sounds.

21-23 May. **The Aldershot Show.** The Army's horse show for military charities. A two-hour searchlight tattoo every evening includes "The Bridge Over The River 'X'".

22-29 May. **Skye Week.** The distant but courageous Isle of Skye displays its tourist attractions.

27-29 May. **Chelsea Flower Show.** Sets the standard up and down the

land. A "must" for everyone who claims green fingers. (Private view 26 May.)

JOHN MANN

## FANCIED FILMS

BY ELSPETH GRANT

See "*Verdicts*" (p. 262) for *Elspeth Grant's* notices of new films.

**Life In Emergency Ward 10.** "... competently written and well-played piece ... an anxious couple beautifully played by Miss Dorothy Gordon and Mr. David Lodge."

**The Last Temptation.** "Signorina Anna Magnani is the greatest film actress today. She makes this modest Italian film ... the one I would urge you to put first on your list."



Cicely Courtneidge in *Fool's Paradise*, the new farce at the Apollo Theatre

**Like Father Like Son.** "... an ambling, amiable little comedy about parenthood ... gay performance by Signor De Sica as an amorous tailor."

**Eye Wants To Sleep.** "The second Polish film to come my way ... a satirical and sometimes surrealist comedy ... I think you will undoubtedly be amused."

**The Word.** "Herr Victor Sjostrom gives a stupendous performance as an arrogant, proud, church-going old farmer."

**Tiger Bay.** "Tremendous excitement ... the climax is unexpected and very moving."

**Whirlpool.** "Mlle. Juliette Greco continues to suggest immense but hitherto unexploited potentialities ... the scenery's grand and the film will make a pleasant prelude to your Rhineland holiday."

## PRAISED PLAYS

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

See "*Verdicts*" (p. 262) for *Anthony Cookman's* review this week.

**Wolf's Clothing** (Strand Theatre.

Muriel Pavlow, Derek Farr.) "... Mr. Horne's farcical comedy ... goes on working smoothly up to the final curtain ... pleasing entertainment."

**Living For Pleasure** (Garriek Theatre. Dora Bryan, Daniel Massey, George Rose, Janie Marden). "A good revue ... brings home the laughter."

**A Taste Of Honey.** (Wyndham's Theatre. Avis Bunnage, Murray Melvin, Frances Cuka). "Miss Delaney has a remarkably good ear for the language of the Lancashire back streets."

**West Side Story** (Her Majesty's Theatre. Marlys Watters, Chita Rivera, Don McKay). "Appeals ... to anybody who loves a strong story, told simply and well."

**Five Finger Exercise** (Comedy Theatre. Roland Culver, Adrienne Allen). "Its hold on the audience rarely slackens ... sensitive and civilized."

**The Grass Is Greener** (St. Martin's Theatre. Celia Johnson, Joan Greenwood, Hugh Williams). "Theatrically effective ... we know exactly where we are."

## ISAAC BICKERSTAFF'S Guide to dining out

**Antelope,** Eaton Terrace, S.W.1. SLO 5513. C.S. Popular pub; excellent English food upstairs; get there early or wait for a table—no reservations.

**Au Savarin,** 8 Charlotte Street, W.1. MUS 7134. Gourmets gather here and seem well content.

**Beaufort Restaurant** of The Great Eastern Hotel, Liverpool St., E.C.2. AVE 4363. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. Outstanding *cuisine* in a restaurant over a railway station; excellent wines.

**Beoty's,** 14 Wrights Lane, Kensington, W.8. WES 8525. C.S. Specialize in Greek and Cypriot dishes; wines to match.

**Boulogne,** 27 Gerrard St., W.1. GER 3186. C.S. Good Continental *cuisine* in a somewhat Edwardian atmosphere.

**Braganza,** 56 Frith Street, W.1. GER 5412. C.S. Portuguese restaurant which has had its ups and downs—now it's up.

**Buckingham,** 62 Petty France, S.W.1. ABB 3386. O.S. A pub with a first-class grillroom; the *décor* is astonishing.

**Casa Prada,** 292 Euston Road, N.W.1. EUS 3768. C.S. You don't expect to find excellent French and Italian "home cooking" in this locality, but here it is.

**"Copper Grill,"** 60 Wigmore Street, W.1. (entrance in mews at side)

WEL 9808. C.S. First-class panelled grill room, very simple menu. Lunch is 20/- per head, dinner 25/-, and that's that and worth it. **Cordon Bleu,** 31 Marylebone Lane, W.1. WEL 2931. C.S. Authentic French *cuisine* prepared by instructors and students of the famous School of Cookery. Wines at the right price; not much room. **Cunningham's,** 51 Curzon Street, W.1. GRO 3141. C.S. Sea-food specialties of high quality; smart, fashionable and expensive. **Dragon,** 3 Westbourne Grove, W.2. PAD 4328. O.S. Good Chinese food on the first floor at good prices for a thin pocket.

**Emberson's Wine Lodge,** 93 Pelham St., S.W.7. KEN 7841. C.S. Buffet bar of outstanding quality; sherries and whisky from the wood; very "know-how" clientele.

**Fellows' Restaurant,** Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, N.W.8. PRI 5162. O.S. for lunch. Become a Fellow; park your car in peace, enjoy first-class *cuisine* at lunch time looking out over the gardens. **Fortnum & Mason,** Piccadilly, W.1. REG. 8040. C.S. If you've been shopping on the first floor and have any money left, lunch on the fourth floor. Good food, good service, good wines, and a fashion show for good measure.

**Golden Bamboo,** 41 Wardour Street, W.1. GER 6124. O.S. Its Chinese director is an expert Chinese chef; the result is obvious.

**Gore Hotel,** 189 Queens Gate, S.W.7. KNI 4222. O.S. "The Gore for gimmicks"; both very popular. Feast Elizabethan upstairs, ditto in the "Star Chamber" underground, or come down to earth in the restaurant on street level.

**Guinea,** 30 Bruton Place, W.1. MAY 5613. C.S. You're in an ordinary pub—open the door in the bar and you're in a smart restaurant. Popular and pricey grill room.

*continued on page 236*







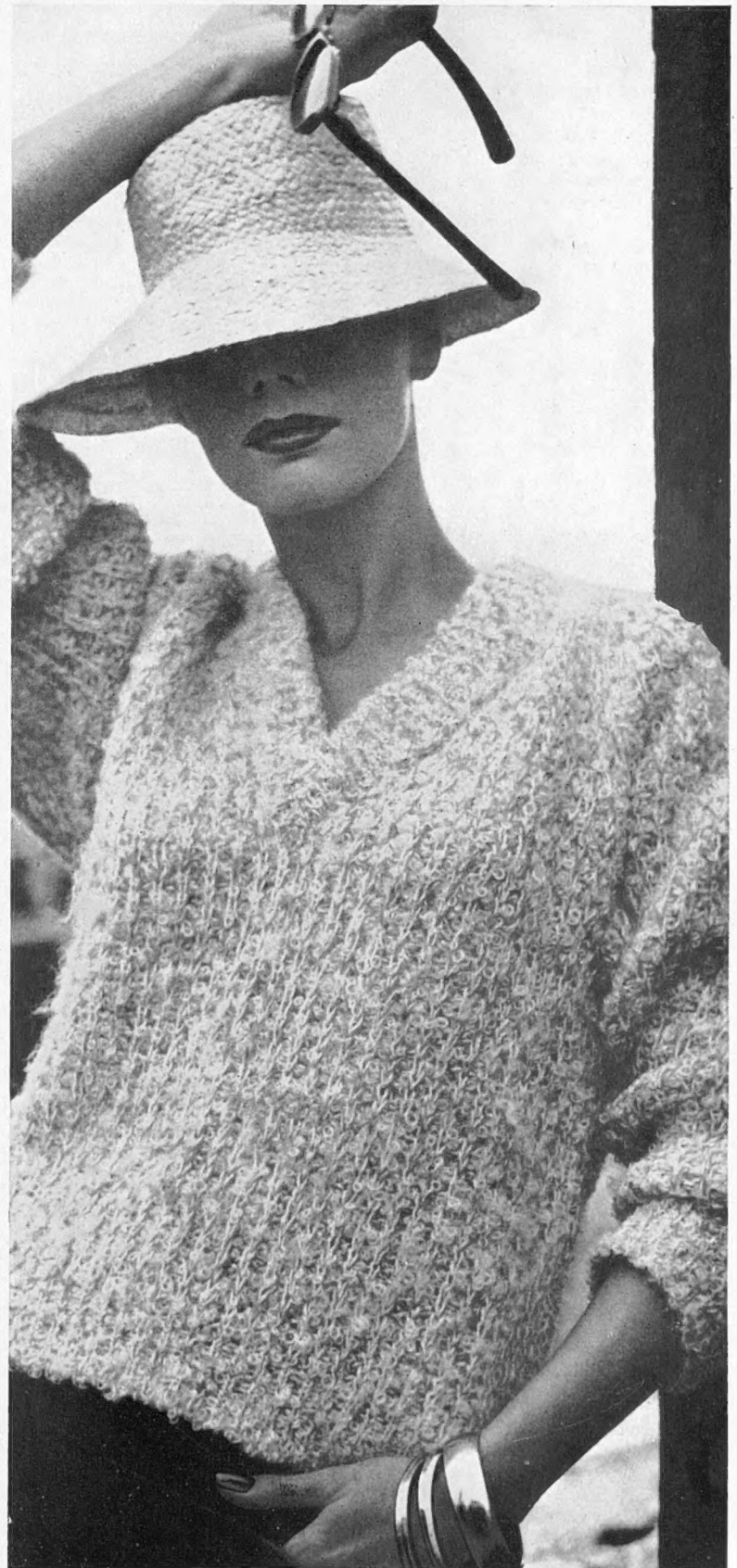
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## DINING OUT—continued

**Ici Paris**, 1A Baker Street, W.1. WEL 8219. C.S. In the evenings take a packet of Gauloise, order a Pernod, and imagine you're in a French bistro; accordions will help. **Kensington Restaurant** (Victor's), 20 Kensington Church St., W.8. WES 1654. C.S. If you want your *apéritif* surrounded by a mass of musical boxes before you lunch or dine in a slap-up restaurant, here's the place.

**La Fantasque**, 20 Connaught St. W.2. PAD 0359. O.S. The Baroness Pongracz provides specialities from Vienna, where she was born and bred, in this very small, simple and charming restaurant. **Le Perroquet**, 31 Leicester Square, W.C.2. WHI 2996. C.S. Right in the middle of everything. Good food and service with excellent wines. **Marquis of Anglesea**, 39 Bow St., W.C.2. COV 3216. C.S. It's a pub with "A plate for sore eyes" in the Platter Restaurant upstairs, and a Russian chef behind the plates.

**Marynka**, 234 Brompton Road, S.W.3. KEN 6753. O.S. A very small, low-priced, friendly restaurant, serving Polish and Hungarian dishes.

**New Assam**, Smith St., S.W.3. SLO 4663. O.S. Closed Mondays.

**New Assam**, 438 King's Road, S.W.3. FLA 7185. O.S. Authentic Indian food at reasonable prices at both of them.

**Overton's**, 5 Victoria Buildings, S.W.1. VIC 3774. C.S. Sea-food specialities supported by full first-class *à la carte* menu. Fashionable restaurant in an unfashionable position.

**Pastoria**, St. Martin's Street, W.C.2. WHI 8641. C.S. Directed with enthusiasm by the owners with many of their own Continental specialities and a wide range of well-chosen wines.

**Queen's**, 4 Sloane Square, S.W.1. SLO 4381. O.S. Good food, good wine, good service at reasonable prices with a very regular clientele.

**Rice Bowl**, 27 Pelham St., S.W.7. KEN 1729. O.S. Popular Chinese restaurant near South Kensington Station.

**Rules**, 35 Maiden Lane, W.C.2. TEM 5314. C.S. Basic English dishes with a nostalgic Edwardian air and a large and experienced following.

**The Trolley** in The Corner House at Tottenham Court Road, W.1. MUS 0011. O.S. Trolley-loads of prime joints, with much attention from expert carvers, at incredibly low prices.

**Universal**, 51 St. Martin's Place, W.C.2. COV 2238. O.S. A new and efficient Chinese restaurant in the heart of theatreland.

**The Vine**, 3 Piccadilly Place, W.1. REG 5789. C.S. Brand-new pub with a pleasant bar downstairs, a grill room well worth a visit upstairs, and the Bentley Brothers in the offing.

**Wilton's**, 34 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1. WHI 8391. C.S. Small and exclusive, specializing in oysters, smoked salmon and grills.

C.S.=Closed Sundays.

O.S.=Open Sundays.



PASSPORT—a weekly travel column

## Aerial class distinction

by DOONE BEAL

THIS week, B.E.A. announces first-class accommodation on no less than forty flights a day, to and from Paris, Nice, Copenhagen, Oslo, Geneva, Stockholm, Zurich and Frankfurt. It is significant that, last year, this airline operated only two first-class international flights a day—the Silver Wing to and from Paris.

At the other end of the scale the introduction, in 1958, of the Economy Service across the Atlantic created a fourth class at just over half the price of the luxury transatlantic fare.

Who would have believed it possible ten years ago when, up above the clouds in a twin-engined Viking or a DC3, all was classless democracy as one sat alert, securely belted into the bucket seat, concerned only that one got safely off the ground and back on to it again? Not that those particular old days leave me, coward that I am, with any nostalgia. Last week, I walked down the aisle of a Viscount as it hummed through the ether, and saw two-thirds of the passengers sound asleep, mouths slightly agape, as blasé as a busload. It was a reassuring sight.

Now that air transport is taken for granted, we reckon the refinements and consider booking by class as one might in a railway train or a boat.

What exactly do these aerial class distinctions—marked often by a considerable difference in price—mean to the passenger?

The comfort factor is worth special consideration in any journey lasting more than seven hours. As an example, the flight to New York can take anything from seven to 13, depending on whether you fly by Comet, Britannia or DC7, and whether east- or westbound (the latter being the longer flight, due to prevailing headwinds).

Starting at the top, the B.O.A.C. luxury flight costs £321 10s. return (plus £14 6s. return by Comet, Monarch service). Seats are two a side, all but fully reclining, with a foot rest, three-course meals, snacks *ad lib*, and limitless free drinks from champagne downwards. First class, at £282 18s. return, there are still two seats a side but with less leg room and no foot rest. The food and drink situation remains the same, as also the allocation of free cigarettes. Tourist class (£205 15s.) has either two or three seats a side, depending on the type of aircraft, but with correspondingly less room all round. Food is simplified and you pay for your drinks. On the economy flight (£165 5s.), food is pared down to cold meats, sandwiches and coffee. No drink is available, although ice and soda are provided if you bring your own bottle.

The luxury Monarch flight caters more, possibly, to the expense-account traveller than it does to the normal tourist. Having made the transatlantic flight once luxury and once tourist class, my own view is that

the choice depends on one's capacity for cat-napping and, accordingly, upon whether there is a day's work to do at the other end or not. The value of a night's sleep is not, after all, the same in everyone's currency.

As from 1 May, the watchdog body of International Air Transport Association (all the leading airline companies are members) has decreed that economy class passengers may, in common with the rest, buy duty free cigarettes on the aircraft. This was hitherto denied them.

The airlines operating within Europe run virtually three classes: first, day-tourist and night-tourist (the last two being generally restricted to a three-week excursion). The



Lunch aboard a Comet on the B.O.A.C. luxury Monarch transatlantic service

difference between, for example, the night-tourist flight to Nice and the first-class daytime return, is between £19 and £24. The practical differences of food, drink and space remain the same as on the transatlantic and other long-distance flights, all of which are subject to the same regulations.

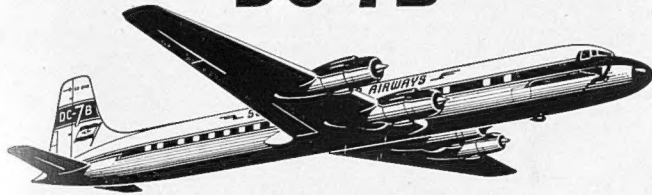
Although purely sybaritic considerations may seem unimportant, a factor to be considered is excess baggage, which is based on a combination of fare and distance. Free allowance for tourist class is 20 kilos, 30 kilos for first. On the flight to Nice, for example, excess is payable at 6s. 1d. a kilo, across the Atlantic 31s. 6d. It is not difficult to see that a weighty overnight case in addition to your carefully weighed trunk, plus the money you spend on drinks, etc., could bring the price of your tourist ticket up to a point where the extra comfort of first class seems worth the difference and some of the excess might be swallowed up in the more generous free allowance. Aerial class distinction, with all its sub intents and saving clauses, is worth some mathematical investigation if you are to enjoy its full advantages.



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*Photographed especially for Debenhams by Peter Clark*

Pierre Cardin at Debenhams

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*The Governor of Southern Rhodesia, Vice-Admiral Sir Peveril William-Powlett, visited the Kariba Dam lake and took some ciné shots of the rescue of wild animals trapped on artificial islands by the rising waters. Inside the net being lifted aboard is a wild pig*



# THE Tatler & BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXXII No. 3016

29 April 1959

TWO SHILLINGS WEEKLY

**NEXT WEEK:** *The Bride & Home Number.* Barry Swaabe photographs London's wedding churches. Doone Beal writes on Honeymoon Hotels. Full-colour picture feature on the latest look in interior décor

**Postage:** Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. **Subscription Rates:** Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 15s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

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## SOCIAL JOURNAL

# A wedding brings spring to Brompton Oratory

by JENNIFER

**A**N APRICOT AND WHITE COLOUR SCHEME was chosen by Miss Anne Hamilton, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Hamilton, for her marriage to the Hon. Matthew Beaumont, fourth son of the late Viscount Allendale & the Dowager Viscountess Allendale, which took place at the Brompton Oratory. Lady Pulbrook had done superb floral arrangements for the wedding in apricot and white, which were highly effective even in this vast church.

The bride, a pretty brunette, was given away by her father and wore a white satin dress embroidered in pearls and diamanté, with a full skirt falling into a train. Her tulle veil was held in place by a turquoise and diamond tiara. She was attended by two pages, the Hon. Charles Beaumont and Charles Alexander, in white shirts and long apricot coloured trousers, and two little girls, the Hon. Emma Howard and Charlotte Seely, who wore short white organza dresses with apricot sashes and coronets of apricot rosebuds.

The five older bridesmaids, the bride's sister Miss Sarah Hamilton, Miss Valerie Battine, Miss Jane Moore, Miss Allegra Kent Taylor and Miss Alessandra Bankoff wore short dresses of apricot coloured silk and headdresses of three apricot roses.

### Guests came on from their offices

After the marriage ceremony and Nuptial Mass, which was performed by Bishop D. J. Cashman assisted by Father H. Connell and Father D. Wood, the bride's parents held a reception at Londonderry House, where again the flowers were beautiful. This was a late wedding, the ceremony (which takes nearly an hour) not commencing until 5 p.m., so that many friends who could not get to an afternoon reception were able to come to Londonderry House after work.

The Dowager Viscountess Allendale, looking charming in palest grey, received the guests with Mr. & Mrs. Hamilton. They included many members of both families and a large number

*continued on page 241*



**Miss Sandra Clare Paul to  
Mr. Robin Douglas-Home:**  
*She is the younger  
daughter of Dr. & Mrs.  
Saville Paul. He is the  
elder son of the Hon.  
Henry Douglas-Home &  
Lady Margaret  
Douglas-Home*



R. Douglas-Home





**Farrell—Armstrong:** Miss Ann Gillian Bardell, only daughter of Mrs. Elisabeth U'ren & the late Mr. R. W. Bardell, married Mr. William Ianie Armstrong, only son of Mr. & Mrs. Edmund L. Armstrong, at St. Aldate's, Oxford



**Anstruther-Gray—Macnab:** Miss Diana Mary Anstruther-Gray, elder daughter of Sir William & Lady Anstruther-Gray, married Mr. James Charles Macnab, Yr. of Macnab, eldest son of Mr. J. A. Macnabb & Mrs. G. H. Walford, at St. Andrews Episcopal Church, St. Andrews

*continued from page 239*

friends. The bridegroom's eldest brother Mount Allendale was there with Viscountess Allendale and their two elder sons the Hon. St. John and the Hon. Mark Beaumont (his youngest son Charles was a page). The bridegroom's other brothers, the Hon. Richard Beaumont (who was an usher), the Hon. Nicholas Beaumont with his wife, and the Hon. George Beaumont (also an usher) were all present, also their only sister Viscountess Morpeth, looking attractive in a printed silk and a little hat to match; she was accompanied by Viscount Morpeth, and their little daughter the Hon. Emma Morpeth was a bridesmaid.

Also there were the bridegroom's uncles the Hon. Ralph Beaumont and Major Victor Beaumont with Mrs. Seely and their daughter Alexandra, and his aunt the Hon. Lady Perowne and her son Mr. John Perowne.

The bride's half-sister Mrs. Michael Dormer was there with her husband and many of her cousins of the large Crichton-Stuart clan, including the Dowager Marchioness of Bute, Lord & Lady Robert Crichton-Stuart (who have recently sold their attractive home in the Heythrop country, Cornwell Manor at Kingham, to the Hon. Peter & Mrs. Ward), Lady Colum Crichton-Stuart, Lady Mary Stuart-Walker (who has only just returned from Montreal where she has been visiting her younger daughter Helia, now Mrs. Frederick Nicolle), Lord James Crichton-Stuart and Mr. Peregrine Bertie.

#### These, too, were there

The bride's aunt Mrs. Richard Whetton was there, also Mr. & Mrs. Peter Black down from Cheshire, the gay and witty Earl & Countess of Halsbury accompanied by their

daughters Lady Caroline Giffard who is now busy taking a secretarial course, and Lady Clare Giffard who is still at school, and Sir Allan & Lady Adair just back from one of their country homes in Northern Ireland and talking to the Hon. Mrs. "Toto" Gilmour and the Hon. Mrs. Sonia Cubitt.

I also met Commander & Mrs. Colin Buist (as always twinkling with humour), Lady Pender and her elder son the Hon. John Denison-Pender who was an usher, Lady Francis Hill, Mr. & Mrs. Doris Bossom, Lord & Lady Rotherwick chatting on the stairs with Capt. & Mrs. Trevor Dawson (Mrs. Dawson wearing an exquisite pearl and sapphire bracelet), the Hon. Julia Stonor looking sweet in a floral printed silk dress, the Hon. John Lambton, Viscount Lumley (another usher), Mr. Clare O'Rourke and his pretty daughter Sally and Dr. & Mrs. Andrew Hannay.

There were no speeches when the young couple cut their wedding cake, and after the reception they left by air for Paris on the way to Spain for their honeymoon.

#### Ambassadorial cocktails

From here I went on to the Netherlands Embassy in Palace Green where the Netherlands Ambassador and his charming wife Baroness Bentinck were giving a delightful cocktail party. The Bentincks, who were originally in London at their Embassy before the war, returned last year (much to the delight of their many friends) when he was appointed Netherlands Ambassador. They are a charming, friendly and dignified couple who are a great asset to the Diplomatic Corps at the Court of St. James's.

Among friends I met here were the lovely Duchess of Buccleuch, sparkling and gay as always, the Marquess & Marchioness of Exeter who one sees in London far too seldom as they spend much of their time (when athletic and Olympic events do not call them to many parts of the world) at their family home Burghley House, near Stamford. This house is full of tapestries, pictures, china and other exquisite treasures, including unique silver fireplaces! Burghley House is now open to the public several days a week.



Vane

**Miss Diana Child to Capt. Noel Matterson:** She is the younger daughter of Sir John Child, Bt., & Lady Child, Chobham Park House, Surrey. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. George Matterson, Stable Hills, Keswick, Cumberland



Vandyk

**Miss Rosaleen Margory Florinda de Burgh to Major John Charles Inglis:** She is the younger daughter of Capt. & Mrs. H. de Burgh, Co. Kildare. He is the elder son of Major H. J. Inglis, Bwlch, Brecon, & the late Mrs. Inglis



Also at the party were Judge John Maude & the Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava, Countess Jellicoe, the Hon. George Ward, Secretary of State for Air, talking to Countess Fitzwilliam, the Earl of Euston, Lord & Lady Colyton, Mr. & Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck (the former off on a two weeks business trip next day), Col. Robert Rivers Bulkeley and his attractive wife, and Col. & Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller, just back from spending the winter in Majorca. Two Members of Parliament, Capt. Christopher Soames and Col. Walter Bromley-Davenport, were there, also Mme. Zulficar who had flown over from Paris for a couple of days, Lady Dashwood, Sir Charles & Lady Petrie, Mr. & Mrs. Nicolass Tollenaar, Mr. & Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian (he had to slip away early to go to an official dinner), Col. Humphrey Guinness, one of our finest polo players, who has already started practising for this season, the Hon. Thomas & Mrs. Hazlerigg, Brig. & Mrs. Stone, Viscountess Lewisham, Mr. & Mrs. Murrough O'Brien, and Mrs. Leonard Simpson.

### The mayor was host

Later that evening, after looking in at a débutante cocktail party, I went to the enjoyable reception given by the Mayor & Mayoress of Marylebone, Councillor & Mrs. Desmond Plummer, at Seymour Hall. Here again clever floral arrangements transformed this vast hall. After the host and hostess had finished receiving, guests danced to an excellent band or sat chatting at small tables arranged around the hall and enjoyed the cold buffet.

Those present included the Mayors of many other boroughs, among them the Mayor & Mayoress of Westminster, Councillor & Mrs. Cobbold, and the Mayor & Mayoress of Chelsea, Councillor & Mrs. Marsden-Smedley. I also met the former Mayor & Mayoress of Marylebone, Councillor & Mrs. John Guest, the latter attractive in white, Lady Petrie (a former capable

Mayor of Kensington) who is now vice-chairman of the L.C.C., Sir James Waterlow, another live wire, who is not only head of a large group of magazines but also president of the Conservative Association in Marylebone.

Lord & Lady Evans were there, and told me their daughter Jean has now left for Canada and is at present living in Montreal. Also the Swiss Ambassador M. Daeniker, Major Robert & the Hon. Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. John Ward, Major-General Lyne, chairman of the British Legion in Marylebone, and Mr. J. E. Vamos.

### A "West Pacific" evening

The annual dinner and dance of the Philippine Society at Quaglino's was a picturesque and gay affair. Many of the ladies present wore their fascinating national dress with the full, high sleeves, and there was an excellent cabaret by Philippine students. The able and popular Philippine Ambassador & his gay and pretty wife Mme. Guerrero brought a big party. Among their guests were Lord & Lady Melchett and her sister Mrs. Anthony Kinsman with her husband, Mr. Woodrow & Lady Moorea Wyatt, Sir Basil Bartlett, Viscountess Tarbat, Prince George Fürstenberg, Mr. Robert Buxton and Mr. Brinsley Black who all enjoyed a delightful evening.

### Stream of parties

There have been débutante cocktail parties every night in April. Four that I went to in one week began with a cheery one for Miss Elizabeth Ann Powell, who looked pretty in pale blue silk and Miss Susan Orde attractive in a short black lace dress. Mrs. Edward Akerhielm lent her delightful Chester Square house for the occasion and her son Mr. Robert Streeter joined as host and invited several of his young friends. The first floor double drawing-room was soon crowded. Among the young people enjoying



*Yevonde*  
ROXANE (3½ years), daughter of the Hon. Ian & Mrs. Balfour, Hill House, Harrow

themselves were Miss Susanna Ormerod, Miss Virginia Tyler, Miss Elizabeth Pinnet, Miss Alicia Barclay (who shares her coming out dance on Derby night) and Miss Lavinia Moreton, while the boys included Mr. Jonathan Dudley, Viscount Anson, Mr. Simeon Bull, and Mr. "Rab" Butler's son Mr. James Butler.

Next came Mrs. Jack Speed's party for her pretty fair-haired daughter Marietta, who is a gay personality and an exceptionally good horsewoman. She is having her coming-out dance in October at her home in Kent. The cocktail party took place in the flat that Brig. and Mrs. Speed have taken in Wellington Court, Knightsbridge, for the season and was attended by a large number of débutantes and a larger number of young men.

### A princess lent her house

The following evening Princess Djordjadze lent her lovely house in South Audley Street for another happy party which Mrs. Ogilvy and Mrs. Horner gave for their daughters Miss Kerry Jane Ogilvy, an attractive girl with a lovely figure, and Miss Sarah Horner, a pretty blonde. Both girls are having coming-out dances in London in May and are already enjoying their season.

Finally there was the party which Mrs. Robert Abercromby gave at the Hyde Park Hotel for her daughter Miss Alexandra Lawrence who is having her coming-out dance in Scotland in September.

Among other débutantes at one or more of these parties were Lady Lemina Gordon (always beautifully turned out and with charming manners), Miss Maxine Brodrick who was at the first three parties, Miss Sally Ford, Miss Georganne Mount, Miss Belinda Curling, Miss Susan Savill, Miss Sarah Drummond, a pretty brunette, Miss Shanet Fitzpatrick, Miss Peta-Carolyn Stocker, Miss Julia Longland, Miss Ginnie Ropner and Miss Diana Barbor whose mother gave a "debs" tea party for her one week. Her father had the original idea of giving a fathers' and débutantes' (no mothers invited) cocktail party for her the following week at their nice Porchester Terrace house, which was a tremendous success!



Many guests came on from their offices to attend the late-afternoon marriage of the Hon. Matthew Henry Beaumont, fourth son of the late Viscount Allendale, and Miss Anne Margaret Hamilton at Brompton Oratory. Jennifer describes the wedding on page 239



# OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES

## Theatregoers' big week

A well-dressed and enthusiastic audience on the first night at the Cambridge Theatre gave a good reception to *The Hidden River*. This is a new play by Ruth and Augustus Fitz based on the novel by Storm Jameson. I could have enjoyed it much more if, during the first act, I could have heard what the actors were saying! With the exception of Leonard, who was excellent as the elder brother, the lines of the others were often inaudible and lost. This no doubt has been remedied since the first night.

Among the audience were Lord Kilmarock and his daughter the Hon. Laura Lynd (Lady Kilmarnock was still in the nursing home where she had recently had her second son), Mr. Mark & Lady Annabel Grey were with the Hon. Keith & Mrs. Carson, and Miss Marina Kennedy (looking pretty in black) was in the stalls, while her twin sister Mrs. Dominic Elwes was in a box with a party of friends. Others in the audience were Mr. & Mrs. David Metcalfe, Mr. & Mrs. Jerry Albertini (the latter wearing an exquisite pearl and diamond necklace), Mr. Norman Hartnell, Mrs. Isadore Kerman and her two schoolboy sons who are at Eton and Downside, the Marquess of Milford Haven, Dorothy Dickson, and Constance Cummings with her husband Benn Levy.

A few nights later I went to the Coliseum for the first night of their eight months light opera season. It opened with *Die Fledermaus* presented by Sadler's Wells Opera, an enjoyable production which will be running here for three months with different casts on alternate nights.

The week ended with the opening of Lionel Hale's new comedy *Gilt & Gingerbread* in which that splendid team Kay Hammond and John Clements play the leading parts.

**MR. BARNABY CONRAD:** In a recent article about San Francisco Mr. Barnaby Conrad was mentioned in terms that might be taken to suggest that he uses a pseudonym. This was not the intention, and The Tatler wishes to make it clear that Barnaby Conrad is indeed the genuine name of the gentleman in question.



Barry Swaabe

KEVAN, (two years), son of Mr. & Mrs. William Chippindall-Higgin, Springfield Road, St. John's Wood



Anthony Buckley



Fayer

ANDREW RICHARD (ten months), son of Mr. & Mrs. Robert T. Bell, Chazey Road, Caversham, Berks.

BELINDA JANE (five years), youngest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. Douglas Allan, George's Plot, Abbots Leigh, near Bristol



# In memory of Vaughan Williams

The Earl of Verulam presides at a dinner to launch a national fund in aid of the late composer's big interest, folk music



Mrs. Freda Parry, singer, choirmistress and member of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, with Mrs. Barbara Matthews, also a singer, at the memorial dinner at Cecil Sharp House, Regent's Park Road



Mrs. Vaughan Williams spoke of a lost world of folk music rediscovered in her late husband's note books



Miss Maud Karpeles, pioneer with Cecil Sharp in folk music revival

Mrs. Reynolds Stone. Her husband designed the memorial plaque to Vaughan Williams



Above: Sir Robert Mayer, founder of the Children's Concerts, with pianist Harriet Cohen and the Turkish Ambassador, M. Birgi. Left: Rory McEwen sings the song of the Micky Tams (leather knee pads worn by Scottish farm workers). Below: Fellow Australians, baritone John Cameron, with Miss Patricia Lawrie







The Earl of Verulam, president of the English Folk Dance & Song Society, with Cdr. J. A. Elwin, the secretary, at Cecil Sharp House. On the left the Fine Companions of Bedford get a final briefing from their choirmaster



PHOTOGRAPHS BY

ALAN VINES

Sir Malcolm Sargent paid a tribute to Vaughan Williams in a speech to the 400 guests. Said Sir Malcolm: "Music is for anyone with a large heart . . . and it makes the heart grow larger"



# The Duke of Gloucester sees the Army Point-to-point at Tweseldown



Maj.-Gen. J. N. R. Moore, Commander of the Household Brigade, was one of the stewards



The Chief Constable of Hampshire, Mr. R. D. Lemon



Lt.-Col. John Turnbull, hon. secretary of the Army Saddle Clubs Assn.



General Sir Francis Festing, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, in the paddock



Mr. R. Ware loses a stirrup as he takes the last fence, on Mr. H. Flux's Peerflex, to win the Duke of Gloucester's Cup

The Duke of Gloucester presents the Challenge Cup for the Army Lightweight Race to Major F. E. Taylor, who won on his horse William Pitt



The Queen took photographs at the trials. With her were the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.  
*Below:* Mrs. Sheila Waddington, Badminton winner for the third year running, with her horse *Airs and Graces*



Desmond O'Neill  
The Hon. Diana Holland-Hibbert, watching the cross-country event, run in mud and heavy going



Miss V. Freeman Jackson came from Ireland with her father to compete in the trials on her horse *Sonnet*



Miss Gillian Morrison watches the start of the cross-country race



Miss S. Kesler mounting her horse *Double Diamond*. She won the junior event at the trials

The Queen sees the  
three-day Horse Trials at Badminton





Guests jive to Tommy Kinsman's band. The ball was in aid of the National Playing Fields Assn. & Surrey County cricketers



Right: The ball chairman, Denis Compton.  
Below: The Bedser twins, Alec and Eric, talk to a guest at their table



Desmond O'Neill

## Cricketers have a night out at Quaglino's



Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard, débutante daughter of the Duke & Duchess of Norfolk



Miss Maxine Brodrick, débutante daughter of Capt. & Mrs. Brodrick, is having a dance on 8 June. With her is Miss Sarah Horner



Miss Sarah Drummond with Viscount Anson. She is the débutante daughter of Mr. & Mrs. David Drummond



## Malcolm Bradbury, now on a lecture tour

in the United States, is a young university lecturer

with a growing reputation as a

humorous writer. He has two books commissioned by

two different publishers. Here he tells

about the time he was **Stranded on holiday . . .**

IN the summer of 1953, a year that really had it in for people like me, I was sitting on a moth-eaten suitcase in the railway station at Ventimiglia, which is on the French-Italian border, waiting for a train to England. I wanted to get home. My shoes were falling to pieces. I had an appointment with my dentist. I kept asking people when the next train was. They seemed, as far as I am a judge of Italian (which I am not), to be telling me that the next train was in three weeks' time. I went and sat on my suitcase for other three hours. Then I tried an Italian policeman in fancy white gloves, who kept scuffling with swarthy men at the entrance to the platforms. "*Treni per Parigi?*" he cried. He waved his hands, glorious in their gloves, fiercely at me, as if to shoo me away, and said: "*Niente, niente.*" I began to feel that something was wrong.

A bit later in the day I saw a man wearing khaki shorts, cut so that they came down just below the knee, and a navy blazer with a large gold crest on the pocket. *Per Ardua ad Astra*, it said underneath the crest. I said to him: "I say, are you British?" He stepped back, and looked at me, brimming with the kind of assurance that English people develop on the Continent, when they look around and see how much better they are than anyone else. He said: "Well, yes, I am, actually." I said: "Well, as a matter of fact, so am I." I am a great one for seeing that my fate is shared; if you had a fate like mine, you wouldn't want to be saddled with it by yourself. I asked him about the trains for England.

He said: "Didn't you know?" What I didn't know was that French railways had gone on strike and were expected to be on strike for three weeks. I said I had no money. I showed him my shoes. He said: "Never mind." He said he wasn't actually worried yet, because he had two weeks' more holiday, but a lot of the English in the hotels in the town were a bit disturbed about the

whole thing. They felt they had to get back. They were running out of money. And then, of course, above all one didn't like to think that communications with home were cut, so to speak.

All this was, I suppose, what I should have expected. There are some people who have a natural way with the misfortunes of the world. I am the sort of person that you nearly always meet on the railway station at Stuttgart, at four in the morning, left behind by the Orient Express while buying a banana on the platform. Once I chased the Orient Express right across Europe for two days, in slow trains with grape pips all over the floor, hoping to catch up with it at Vienna, where it probably stopped to change engines.

By this stage in my travels, Italy had become a kind of moral hell. Every generation has its Italys; in the 19th century it was all culture and golden air; in the early days of this century it was all animal vigour and the pure nodal self; now, for me, it was having my shoelaces stolen from out of my shoes while I was dozing, from an overdose of culture, on a stone bench in Pisa.

Already many terrible things had happened to me. I felt I should never escape. Remember Ulysses and all the trouble he had getting home, I told myself; he made it in the

end. But it was no good. In Amalfi a man in a yellow sweater had tried to steal my passport. It was in a bank where I was changing money. I grabbed him masterfully as he sneaked off through the door; then, suddenly, with a real touch of the master, he grabbed me and told everyone that I was trying to steal his passport. He spoke Italian much more quickly than I and his case went over while I was still back there fumbling with a past participle. They were just going to put me in prison when something happened that put a different complexion on things; he saw a gap in the crowd and ran away. We all stood stupidly and watched him padding up the main street at a trot, gay in his yellow jumper; around me, the crowd melted away.

I straightened my tie and went on to Florence, feeling rather upset. There is something personal about stealing passports that there isn't in other kinds of barratry: it's your identity they are getting at and hoping to pervert. Already I wanted to escape. Florence was so full of Americans that they used to go out, four and five miles out of town, to scavenge for some natives. You could go to Italy that year and never hear Italian spoken. In the street at night you could hear Americans shouting to each

*continued overleaf*





## Stranded on holiday *continued*

other, like searchers hunting for something. They all sat in cafés and smoked between courses. The Italians were very polite and did not complain. There is a funny thing about Americans smoking which has been noted and reflected upon all over continental Europe, and it is this: when Americans smoke on the Continent, they smoke approximately the first third of the cigarette, and then they stub it out. The Italians were polite about this, too; they went on chatting among themselves until the Americans had gone, when they all leapt up and fought and punched each other for the butts.

In Florence it was difficult to find anywhere to stay. You would stay in a place for a night but the next night they always had some Americans coming in through American Express. Finally I was allowed to sleep on the patient's couch in a dentist's room. There were great cabinets full of drugs and metals for filling teeth all around. After a while I realized that the landlady, a great bulk of a creature, as broad as she was long, used to climb up on the roof and peer in on me through the skylight to make sure I hadn't taken any girls in there. I could hear her scratching about on the roof, like a cat. In the end I went and slept in the dentist's chair, tipped back as far as possible, because

it was out of view of the skylight. Unfortunately the great drill, suspended in the air above me, became a source of terror; it filled my dreams and soured my awakenings.

So I left Florence and went on to Lericci, hitch-hiking on roads so hot that the tar stuck to my shoes. Once I had to prise myself free with a stone; otherwise I might have been there now. Lericci was full of Germans, all rather stout and fond of creamy buns. I stayed at the youth hostel, which is on the roof of a high castle called the Castello San Giorgio. On the beach below was a little dancing place, on stilts over the water, which kept playing over and over again the record from that film in which Ferrer walked on his knees. Couples danced round and round, tripping now and then over loose boards, or cuddled on the balcony and threw coke bottles into the sea. Fishermen went out with lights on their boats and shone them in the bays, looking for goings-on. In the morning I went to the office and they told me I had been turned out. There was a policeman there. Everybody had been turned out. The police had closed the hostel for three nights. An American who was touring Italy with an electric alarm clock, looking for places to plug it in, had had it stolen during the night.

I was getting rather disturbed by this point, seeing the way the fates were pushing me, and I got on the ferry across the bay, and went to Portovenere, which was full of Swedes, who kept singing folk songs. I swam and got covered in black tar. How Byron did it I just don't know. Then I went to the Youth Hostel, which was in a strange old piebald building with a roof emblazoned with crests. There was nowhere to cook tomatoes, and I had been living on cooked tomatoes—a not inconsiderable factor in the increasing depression I was feeling. So I decided to buy some bananas and go home. I spent nearly all the money I had left on bananas, and went into La Spezia, where someone tried to steal my suitcase, and got on a train for Ventimiglia, where the strike was.

When I found out about the strike, therefore, I felt hideously trapped amid moral anarchy. I sat on a suitcase and looked at my shoes until the afternoon and then decided to go on to the nearest youth hostel, which was at Bordighera. I went to Bordighera and no one knew where the youth hostel was. I kept walking up little streets and being directed to convents, where nuns hissed at me, thinking I was trying to peer in. Finally, I got in an old *carrozza* and asked the driver to take me there. The vehicle was old and shabby, smelling of congealed straw. So was the driver and so was his horse. This tired creature padded miserably along a great many streets, all over the place, backwards and forwards. We seemed to be ascending a rather large mountain. I was dozing when, after a long while, the driver tickled my nose with his whip and said I had to get out; his carriage could go no farther. I saw why. There was a rough, stony goat path going vertically upward to the top of the mountain.

He said the youth hostel was about a mile up this path, and he asked me for a lot of money. I took my suitcase and climbed the path, though I knew from previous experience that the hostel would be closed for three days. If it was, I knew I could not go on. However, the hostel was open. There were a few little huts at the top of the

## BRIGGS by Graham





mountain, and a flagpole. A man with a telescope was looking out of the window of one of the huts, out to sea miles below. I asked the man for a bed. He would not put his telescope down, but trained it on one of the other huts. I knew he had watched me come up the path, sweating and swearing into the empty air, with it. I spoke to him several times and in the end he lowered the telescope and asked if I were English. I said I was. He said he did not like the English and in particular he didn't like English girls. He was not sure, he said, whether he liked girls at all, but he certainly didn't like English girls.

He said it would have been better for me, wanting a bed, to have been a German, because he liked Germans; or if I had to be English, then a girl, because though he didn't like them he was nicer to girls. I showed him my shoes. He told me to come back at five o'clock. I asked him if I might leave my bag there, and he thought about it and said yes, on the understanding that he was still entitled to refuse me a bed. I wanted to tell him I had feelings, too, and didn't like him, but I needed the bed too much. I tottered down the hill and got on a trolley bus into the nearest big town, which was San Remo. I was very tired.

At San Remo I went to the railway station. It was full of English people talking to each other and going to the lavatory. Someone told me that Cook's were sending a special train next day, all the way to Calais, but that was only for Cook's people. I wondered I could disguise myself to look like a Cook's person. They all had yellow labels and carried two raincoats. I went to the office of Wagon Lits/Cook, stepping warily among the motor-scooters. I asked if there was any way to get back to England before three weeks, because I couldn't live that long. This seemed to me a pretty strong case; but the man said there was not. He said that in his opinion the strike would last five weeks. I asked him to let me go on his special train. He got angry. He said that if anyone else was *maleducato* and asked him any more stupid questions he would close. I sat down and picked up a magazine to see if anyone else would; someone did and he decided to close. He went home and said that he wouldn't come back until the strike was over. We all stood on the pavement and glared at him.

How did I retain the will to live? You may well ask. Some primal passion kept me going. I decided that I would hitch-hike home, through France, where there were always so many hitch-hikers that if you didn't have a girl with you you hadn't a hope—and if you got a lift, she hadn't. I returned up the path to the youth hostel and the man gave me a bed, but he said he would throw me out the next day as there was a great demand for places.

This was true; people with haversacks kept pouring in all the time. I met an Englishman who had to report back to his regiment in two days. He had a feeling that, if he didn't get back, they would shoot him. He had been out on the roads all day, trying

to hitch-hike. It was impossible; it was said that there were English people three-deep on the roadside all the way from Ventimiglia to Calais, all thumbing away like mad. He had taken a bus into Nice to try to see the Consul. There, outside the consulate and Wagon Lits/Cook, English women with babies in their arms stood crying on the pavements. There were a few buses from Nice into Paris but they, of course, were booked up. English railwaymen on holiday had gone to the station at Nice and offered to drive a train themselves, but there was no one there to listen.

I slept badly once again. Someone played a guitar all night and there were people kissing just through the wall by my ear. People kiss a lot, on the Continent. In the morning I knew I was going to die here. I picked up my shoes and looked at them. I felt I was alone in a hostile universe. I went to the station at Ventimiglia; the same policeman was there with the same "*Niente, niente.*" I told him I was going to die. He walked away.

Then whimsies began to overtake me. I was lightheaded, because I had decided to save money by not eating. I simply wanted to get on a train. I saw that there were trains back into Italy. I spent all the rest of my money on a single ticket to Milan. I thought that if I was going to die at least I should have seen one more place. When I got there I wanted to see someone English, so I went to the B.E.A. office and sat on a seat and read *Time* magazine, full of advertisements of trips to Europe. After a while I went up to the counter and said I was going to die here, and wondered if they'd mind if I did it on their settees. They told me that they would like to send me to England but all their planes to London were booked up for months ahead. Many people were stranded. Some were sitting at the airport now, with newspapers round their knees and nowhere to stay, hoping for cancellations or special planes. I said that in any case it was no good, because I had no money. They said that they always required money but that they could take a cheque on an English bank, as the Treasury, ever sympathetic to the troubles of English people, had sent them an instruction that morning that they could do so. I felt in a secret pocket in my underpants and there, with my passport and a picture of a Swedish girl I had met in Sorrento, was my cheque book. From being a useless adornment and responsibility it had been promoted to a sort of saviour.

I bought a ticket and went out to the airport, to wait. Someone said that it might be weeks. Whenever a plane was about to go about 40 or 50 people leapt to their feet and began to shout to one another in English: "May, come on." They ran about in little flotillas from one entrance gate to another, like the avenging furies in *The Family Reunion*. I stood around for a great deal of time and then suddenly I was in the air, with Mont Blanc a bit to one side and below, being offered big red tins of Benson & Hedges. People kept looking at my shoes and I felt very ashamed.



## The Social Alphabet H for Have you heard?

*Is it true what they say about Dixie?  
Has she honestly gone off her nut?  
Well, one hears it began  
With that water-ski man  
Who was all very fabulous, but*

*I confess that I actually got it  
From a most unreliable source.  
But I mean (without spite)  
It's so bound to be right,  
That one has to believe it, of course.*

*It would seem she's existing on arak,  
And imagines she's Queen of Nepal.  
Last week she appeared  
In a fibre-glass beard.  
It just doesn't sound healthy at all. . . .*

*I suppose one should feel sympathetic,  
But I can't help a trickle of glee.  
She's delightful, I know,  
But I didn't quite go  
For that thing she told you about me.*

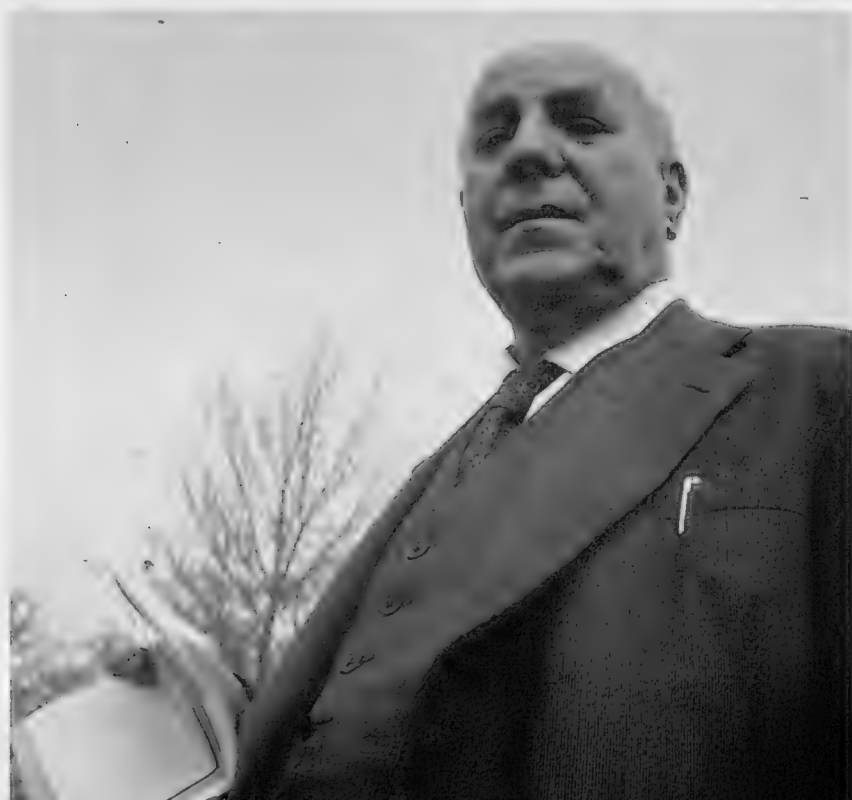
Francis  
Kinsman



Ida Kar

**FINANCE** Lord Pender (*above*), president since 1952 of the non-profit making corporation which runs the Albert Hall, hopes to announce a small profit this year. This in spite of the fact that the corporation has paid out £150,000 for repairs and improvements in the last seven years and been forced to draw on a £40,000 interest-free Treasury loan. He is seen in his London flat with a painting of his wife. Mr. Robert Atkins (*below*) has a new £5,000 plan to finance this year's season of the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre which he helped to found. The scheme involves the formation of a society of 100 industrial concerns and private persons each contributing about £50

Lewis Morley



## NEWS PORTRAITS

**FAITH** Avery Dulles, Jesuit son of the former U.S. Secretary of State, paces the corridor of the Gregoriana University in the Vatican City where he is a theological student. The young Dulles—his father is a Presbyterian—was ordained by America's Cardinal Spellman. When the news of Mr. Dulles's resignation was announced, following the verdict of doctors at Washington's Walter Reed Hospital, Avery said that he would continue his studies in Rome for the time being







Paulo di Paulo



Desmond O'Neill



Ida Kar

**FLOWER** Mrs. E. A. Hanger, seen with her husband, curator of the Royal Horticultural Gardens at Wisley, has produced a new daffodil variety now being exhibited at the International Flower Show in Paris. The strain, which took 12 years to perfect, has been named *Edith Amy*, after Mrs. Hanger, and received the Royal Horticultural Society's Order of Garden Merit. Her husband is executive officer for the British section at the Paris Show

**FANTASY** Fumico Matsuda, Japan's leading woman painter, has an exhibition of delicate flower, animal and figure studies at the Arthur Jeffress Gallery. Miss Matsuda (her name means pinefields) is seen at work beneath a butterfly lamp in the London studio of Canadian painter Clarence Wilson, an enthusiast for Japanese art and décor. It was he who persuaded Miss Matsuda and her journalist father in the isle of Ibiza to come to London



THE TATLER

## interviews



## JOSEPH GRIMOND

LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY, WHOSE CANDIDATE AGAIN ATTRACTED  
AN UNEXPECTEDLY LARGE VOTE IN THE GALLOWAY BY-ELECTION

**MONICA FURLONG** reports: *Mr. Joseph Grimond, the Leader of the Liberal Party, is one of the handful of M.P.s to have a room to himself in the House of Commons. It was in this room, a panelled, pseudo-Gothic cell blasted every quarter of an hour by the chimes of Big Ben, that I met him.*

Mr. Grimond, what are Liberal plans for the General Election?

*Grimond:* We hope to have about 200 candidates. What we want to do is to build the party up from the roots. That is, we don't want to impose a candidate from headquarters where there is no local Liberal tradition, but to supply candidates where they are wanted. Young people are showing a great enthusiasm for Liberalism, which is most encouraging, and we have a considerable following at the universities, and among technical workers and young professionals. At this stage we are trying to plant a new image of Liberalism on people's minds.

What sort of image?

*Grimond:* One of youth and newness. We must get away from Mr. Gladstone. And we must make people feel that we are really interested in modern problems.

Could you sum up general Liberal policy for me?

*Grimond:* Yes; in two parts. Firstly, we are interested in the individual. Political issues have changed a great deal since the 'thirties and young people are no longer very enthusiastic about the State—they have seen what the build-up of the State can do in other countries. But they are concerned in how the individual can express himself, and this is what interests us. Secondly, we are interested in new forms of international co-operation, and in shared defence. Britain can no longer congratulate herself on standing safely behind the Channel, not having to be very interested in what goes on in Europe. We must seek the closest political, commercial and cultural contacts. We have the

disadvantage of our rather blimpish reputation, but we have the advantage of a great experience of Commonwealth contacts.

Don't you feel that the British Parliament works essentially on a two-party system, and that the Liberals, by making a third party, are damaging the political structure?

*Grimond:* As a matter of history, you know, that is not so. There have usually been three parties in the House of Commons. But apart from that, I admit that I don't want to see the Liberal Party standing in the middle of the see-saw and tipping it one way or the other. The last thing I want us to be is the tail that wags the dog. What I do foresee, though, is a two-bloc system. There will always be Conservatives, I am quite sure. What we want to provide is a bloc that offers a progressive alternative to them.

But what about the Labour Party?

*Grimond:* Quite extraordinary! You can see the Labour Party changing under your eyes. I remember when I was an undergraduate, Socialists all felt passionately that the profit-system was wrong. But do they still? Of course not. Do you know that in all the recent talk about unemployment not once has Mr. Gaitskell got up and suggested total nationalization? Yet why not? This is supposed to be their doctrine.

You see hope for the Liberal Party then, in the state of the other parties?

*Grimond:* Yes. Politics are in a very unhealthy state at the moment. We have reached a stage where debates are being

fought out not on the floor of the House of Commons but inside the parties themselves. And neither of the other parties seems to understand the extent to which politics have changed. They go on about nationalization and non-nationalization, and in fact this is a dead issue. The public is not very interested in this issue any more.

Do you think the public are disillusioned with politics at the moment?

*Grimond:* Yes, because the things politicians say seem to bear not the slightest relation to the things they do. You can see the feeling of disillusion reflected in a number of political commentators today—Foot, Crossman, Hollis, Taper and others. Part of the trouble is that leading politicians today seem so dreadfully inhuman. People liked men like Winston because they weren't afraid to let their hair down a bit.

And what do you think are the odds against the Liberal comeback being successful?

*Grimond:* I suppose our main difficulty is that we cannot make much use of mass media. The most important mass medium today is television, and we are entitled to about one political broadcast a year. Never before has anyone had to try and build up a major party without gaining control of the best medium of the day. And another difficulty is our lack of support from the big circulation newspapers. It is clear we can't expect to jump up and govern the country overnight. Still our first step is to get into the second position, so that people think of us as a voting alternative to the Conservatives. This has already happened in places like Southend and Argyll.

*Previous personalities interviewed in this series by Monica Furlong include Humphrey Brooke (February 11), Lord Altrincham (February 25), Bernard Miles (March 4), Simone Mirman (March 11), John Betjeman (April 1) and Group Officer Jean Conan Doyle (April 8). Copies can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., Tatler & Bystander, Ingram House, 195-8 Strand, W.C.2.*



## How to win friends for a Cathedral...



Historic Winchester Cathedral, owner of this 1133 Bible (*above*) and repository of the remains of King Harold, is beset by decaying masonry and infected timber. To raise funds for repairs, the Friends of Winchester Cathedral held a three-day auction at Winchester's Guildhall, and members of the Royal Family contributed. Photographs by **ALAN VINES** present the cathedral, the sale, and the people...





Earlier repairs at the eastern end have counteracted subsidence which caused the wall to lean more than four feet from the perpendicular. Elsewhere current decay includes crumbling buttresses and worm-eaten beams



*Left:* The former Lord High Chancellor, Viscount Simonds, at the private view with Mr. R. Thesiger. *Top left:* Lady Northbrook & Mrs. Denzil Ffennell. *Above:* Mrs. F. S. Thackeray, former Mayor of Winchester. *Right:* Lady Smiley





*Above:* A George IV soup tureen—a prize at Exeter Races in 1826—given by Countess Mountbatten of Burma. *Above left:* George III hot-water jug, made by Joseph Preedy in 1784 and presented by Admiral Sir William & Lady Andrewes. *Left:* Classic urn-shaped cup and cover given by Mr. & Mrs. W. J. Courtauld

## CATHEDRAL AUCTION *continued*

### People at the preview



Lady Ashburton with Mr. Ralph Dutton, chairman of the organizing committee



Viscountess Kelburn

Mr. E. A. Cooper (general secretary of the organizing committee), Lady Muntz and Mrs. Wylie



*Left:* The Dean of Winchester, Dr. Norman Sax, in the cathedral library. Dr. Sax is professor of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge.  
*Above:* Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Power, chairman of the preservation fund



Ancient and modern: A car is parked by the 13th-century porch of the deanery in the cathedral close. This was originally the Benedictine prior's house. *Below:* Cheyney Court, with its timbered front, was once the Bishop's courthouse. The old pilgrims' school is on the left



Frescoes are cleaned by a new system evolved by Mrs. Eve Baker (seen here at work in the Guardian Angel's chapel) and her husband, Prof. R. W. Baker. The hair dryer is used to dry out the fumes of the cleaning fluid







*Above:* Ancient mortuary chests containing the bones of Saxon kings and bishops sit atop stone screens in the Presbytery. *Right:* Architectural contrast between the early Norman transept (*foreground, left*) and the long south nave, part of the Gothic transformation effected by William of Wykeham

## CATHEDRAL AUCTION

*continued*

### Pattern for preservation



This is the weekend of  
America's celebrated  
**Kentucky Derby**, a meeting  
unlike anything known in England.

Here Muriel Bowen describes it



**I**N AMERICA'S BLUE GRASS COUNTRY, from the Governor of Kentucky to the newest stableboy, the Kentucky Derby is of far greater importance than anything that might happen in London, Bonn, Moscow or Washington. The "Run for the Roses," as they call it, has taken place every year since 1875 at Churchill Downs in the suburbs of the city of Louisville. There are few Americans of any consequence who have not been to it at least once. It is a magnet for people from all parts of the United States. Businessmen vie with each other in booking halls for business conferences in Kentucky at Derbytime. The army, too, has been alive to the attractiveness of a bit of manoeuvring in the neighbourhood round the first Saturday in May.

The enthusiasm of my Irish compatriots after they win a Grand National is only a pale shadow of what goes on in Louisville three days before the Kentucky Derby. The place goes mad. I arrived to find crowds pouring in by plane, rail and car. A collection of gipsies who had come on a 500-mile trek from Florida were busy setting up camp on the outskirts of the city. As darkness fell parades and crowds filled the streets. Floats carrying pretty girls, each hoping to be elected Derby Beauty Queen, passed by. There were lots and lots of brass bands, and as the music died down there was dancing in the flag-decked streets. Several people I met were desperate in search of a room. Hotel rooms for the Derby are as scarce as plovers' eggs, and dearer.

Invitations to parties came in thick and fast. They were for cocktails, balls in country clubs, and brunches—especially brunches. Brunch, my hostess explained, is a mixture of breakfast and lunch. It serves for both on a busy day. Brunch starts off with liquid refreshment in large and potent quantities, and winds up with breakfast cereal and cream, grilled bacon, eggs, chicken livers, and coffee.

Quite the best brunch was given at a famous distillery by 180 distillers. The walls of the dining-room were studded with violet orchids. A deathly silence greeted my query whether one Kentucky bourbon is much like another. Louisville, I found, is proud of the fact that it has eight famous distilleries,

each one producing its own distinctive flavour. But at least my remark diverted conversation. I learnt, for instance, that Louisville blacksmiths are paid £2,500 a year (the cost of living is one-third higher than in England, taxation less).

During a pre-Derby lunch at a country club a waiter brought up a note which said that the Governor of Kentucky wanted to see me. Governor "Happy" Chandler, an ex-football czar, came straight to the point. "Tell me," he said anxiously, "how do the Kentucky horses you saw this morning compare with English and Irish horses?"

On Derby Day I arrived on Churchill Downs early enough to see the horses "breeze" (exercise) round the track. I learnt that in America horses live in "barns," race on "tracks," and that after racing they cool off by being led round in circles by ladies, or gentlemen, who rejoice in the title of "hot walkers." Hot walkers, neither grooms nor exercise boys, have their own rates of pay.

Usually the Kentucky Derby enjoys something warmer than Wimbledon weather, but this particular year (1957) it was near freezing. Pretty girls wore their flower-decked hats and gay summer dresses with the grim determination, bless 'em, of women the world over when they have bought a special outfit for an occasion and feel that they must wear it. The men, too, were caught out by the weather. "I had to go out and spend 13 dollars on a sweater this morning," Mr. David Rockefeller said to me, "so now I'm playing two dollar bets until I recoup."

Two dollars is the smallest bet one can have on an American racecourse and I noticed that there was a constant serum round the two dollar windows. A local woman told me that a Kentuckian never stops betting until he has to. He didn't seem to have to on that day. Most of the racegoers were out for small flutters; there were few professional backers (what the Americans call "real horseplayers") among them. Nevertheless like all of us when we back a horse, they wanted to win. There were prolonged arguments about the respective merits of Bold Ruler who had won \$322,675 in "purses" (stake money), Federal

Hill with \$312,577 in the bank, and General Duke with \$142,000.

All the colts were three-year-olds as at Epsom, but they had all won such vast amounts of money. When it came to assessing their respective winnings in terms of figures it was all as confusing as a Labour Party conference trading a million votes for Dr. Edith Summerskill as against a million and a half for Mr. Aneurin Bevan. It was difficult to choose. The prize money in American racing is astronomical compared to our own. More than £30,000,000 a year is paid out in stakes for 28,000 races. A modest three-year-old plate is worth £7,000 to the winner. Of course, costs are high too. Trainers charge £5 a day to keep a horse in full work, or £3 10s. a day when he is being roughed off. Exercise boys' pay is £31 a week, and grooms get £23 plus cost of living allowances.

Like the Derby at Epsom the Kentucky Derby is very much a breeder's race. A surprising number of Kentucky Derby winners are sired by Derby winners. At present it is one in nine, a very high figure when you consider that sons and daughters of 2,000 stallions race annually in the United States.

The grip the Kentucky Derby has on the public imagination, however, has only a little to do with horses and a great deal to do with people. They come in their droves, they pay their club-house admission knowing it is no guarantee that they will see a horse all day. But that doesn't worry them. They can see the race any year on television. The great thing is to have *been* there.

The stands stretch for more than half a mile and there are 4,300 boxes—which would seem a very large number until they have to be assigned. Derby box-holders are a hardy breed. When they die, which they do only occasionally, they leave their boxes to their heirs. Only three per cent of boxes are available for transfer in any year.

By the time the seventh race on the card was reached, the Derby, the atmosphere was alive with drama, excitement and high tension. The bugle sounded across the infield with its blue uniformed bands and high-stepping majorettes twirling their batons. Then, amid a roar of applause, the race commentator announced over the



# VERDICTS

on new plays, films, books and records

## Mr. Hale gets bitten by the comedy bug

**THEATRE**  
by Anthony  
Cookman

public-address system: "Churchill Downs proudly presents the race for the 83rd Derby for the 83rd successive year."

Then another roar—and you should hear a Kentucky roar!—as the horses paraded on to the course and the bands struck up *My Old Kentucky Home*. The race itself is always held on a clay, or dirt, track and the horses start not from the tapes but out of a great steel trap made up of what looks like a series of outsize dog boxes.

As luck would have it this particular year, 1957, it was one of the greatest Derbies of them all. The American-bred Iron Liege won by little more than his whiskers from Gallant Man, bred by the late Aga Khan in Ireland. Gallant Man's jockey mistook the finishing post and eased up his horse too soon. For the winner there was a 6-ft. horseshoe of roses which were hung round his neck, and for the owner Mrs. Gene Markey a gold cup and a stake of \$152,050. Then came the traditional Derby toast. The owner, trainer, jockey, Cabinet Ministers, and the celebrities of filmland gathered in an office in the Club House to toast the new wonder horse. There were 83 guests—one for every year of the race, and they toasted the winner in the traditional Derby Day drink, a mint julep drunk out of a silver cup.

But it was the crowd outside on the Grand Stand that had the last say. "There hasn't been a day like this since Whirlaway," they said. In Kentucky they don't bother with the calendar. They tell time by naming the horse that won the Derby.

A. V. Swaab



**Muriel Bowen,** author of this article and expert on riding, has observed the social scene on five continents. Beginning next week she will write a regular column of social news in *The Tatler*

**A** SPRIGHTLY LIGHT COMEDY by Mr. Lionel Hale, *Gilt & Gingerbread*, brings Mr. John Clements and Miss Kay Hammond at the head of an attractive company to the Duke of York's, and the West End is the livelier for their accomplished fooling. It is a little to the author's disadvantage that he has happened to pick up the comic germ which at present promises to start an epidemic.

His hero's happily married and madly extravagant wife is pursued into her own Regent's Park drawing-room by a plain, blunt man who makes her dishonourable proposals with the calm persistence of a salesman hawking a novel domestic gadget. Like the quiet American of *The Grass Is Greener*, he is well groomed and avidly rich; like the philanderer of *Le Dindon*, he is quite unscrupulous; like the lady's husband, he is a stockbroker. And like the other ladies in these plays Mr. Hale's heroine dutifully repels his advances but is secretly charmed by his effrontery and slightly yet definitely warmed by his burning admiration.

The recurrence of this situation is a pity, of course, but Mr. Hale puts his own witty stamp on his version of it, and Miss Kay Hammond, with her slow, over-articulated drawl, meets Mr. Hugh Sinclair's plain, blunt, patient proposals with a teasing contempt deliciously diversified with curiosity and a carefully veiled gratification. If the man is so foolish as to pester her with flowers and chocolates she will certainly put them into the dustbin. It is as clear to us as to him, however, that she is a woman who adores flowers and likes to have as many chocolates as possible about her.

Exit the lover with the mind of a stockbroker; enter the stockbroker husband with the mind of a whimsical dilettante. Mr. Clements has staked the whole of his large fortune in forming a company to exploit Patagonian uranium on the strength of an agent's report he knows now to be false. He is not himself unduly disconcerted by the surprising turn of events—how extraordinarily complex yet how simple is life! But how is he to tell his dear, extravagant wife that he is ruined?

Before he makes the well-nigh impossible attempt there is a delightful scene between him and the peccant agent. Mr. Richard Briers makes a distinct personal success of the engaging young engineer with a Geiger counter that goes on registering rich deposits of uranium in the Regent's Park drawing-room. A fall from a horse has deranged the mechanism. The vehemently apologetic youth explains that he altogether failed to notice the error till too late because he was only an engineer by accident. His heart is in botany. He can't help feeling that his Patagonian visit, though ruinous to his principal, was really providential, for it has put him on the track of the rarest of rare plants.

The whimsical stockbroker makes a virtuous show of indignation, but he is half inclined to agree that this glorious plant is probably worth all the uranium in the world.

He manages somehow to tell his wife the bad



Husband-and-wife team Kay Hammond and John Clements, playing a stage married couple, are the stars of Lionel Hale's new play

continued overleaf

news. It makes little difference to her extravagant ways and he is more than a little worried to know that she and her unfortunate admirer are seeing a great deal of each other. His rival comes to have things out with him as man to man and is morally shocked by being mistaken by the husband for a fellow businessman on whom he hopes, rather desperately, he may unload his worthless shares. When the mistake is discovered the husband swings the blow of obligation at the home wrecker. The wrecker promptly sits on the floor and they are soon on the floor together discussing life in general on decently amicable terms. Miss Eileen Peel tries consolingly to coax him into an affair, but she is so experienced in the business that his blood runs cold.

It is here or hereabouts that the hitherto delightfully buoyant comedy begins to lose its buoyancy and comes to depend less on the invention of the author than on the virtuosity of the playing. The truth is that the characters do not care enough for each other or for their own troubles to get along without a more seriously constructed plot. Mr. Hale's wit, though intermittently it continues to win laughter, is not of a brilliance to make a pattern of its own.

The story inevitably goes farcical, but the farce is never quite wild enough. Miss Hammond sustains a black eye, which she wears with prodigious grace, and there is an extremely funny scene in which Mr. John Ruddock and his broker's men empty the drawing-room of furniture while to their mild bewilderment other van men fill it with the models and stands which the extravagant wife has ordered for her new hat shop. But Mr. Clements and his company need all their accomplishment before the curtain falls.

#### THE PLAY:

Gilt & gingerbread  
Kay Hammond  
Eileen Peel  
John Clements  
Hugh Sinclair  
Richard Briers

## Hokum by the hunk —and harpies, too

CINEMA  
by Elspeth  
Grant

THERE IS SOMETHING about Mr. James (*From Here To Eternity*) Jones's novels, particularly when they are brought to the screen, which makes it seem incredible that they are the work of one man. Surely, one tells oneself, they must result from the collaboration of a syndicate of robots, each designed to supply some supposedly essential ingredient—say satire, sentiment or sex. And if you think all those sibilants add up to something like a tiny hiss, don't doubt for a moment that I meant it.

Directed by Mr. Vincente Minnelli with immense efficiency and a final, slightly overpowering burst of bravura, *Some Came Running* arrives in the cinema as from the production line—a handsomely packaged hunk of well-contrived hokum, untouched (one would almost swear) by human hand and basically as cold as a calculating machine; all the same, since several among its carefully selected bouquet of characters are observed with the eye of a basilisk and sketched in with a poison-pen, it exerts an odd and perhaps rather wicked fascination.

A couple of women come out of it worst—Miss Martha Hyer as the pretty schoolmarm, an insufferable, frigid prig who teaches "Creative Writing And Criticism," and Miss Nancy Gates as the smug, small-town society matron, who can never let her husband forget that he owes his position to her father's money and repels his tentative conjugal advances with an icy "Don't be ridiculous. I have a headache." It is to the credit of both actresses that they have made these two horrors so extraordinarily lifelike and so eminently dislikeable that we shall remember them

when the rest of the picture has faded. We shall remember, too, though this time with love, Miss Shirley MacLaine's dazzling performance as their precise opposite—the completely brainless, pathetic floozie with streaked hair, no dress sense, and an infinite capacity for undemanding devotion.

Mr. Frank Sinatra, a novelist who has done little writing but a great deal of drinking in the past few years, drifts, disgruntled, back to his home town. It transpires that among the stack of chips on his shoulder the one most prominent is the remembrance that his elder brother, Mr. Arthur Kennedy, sent him to an orphanage when he was a boy. Mr. Sinatra enjoys exasperating and humiliating Mr. Kennedy, who is now rich and respected—but it seems to me Mr. Kennedy more than gets his own back: he introduces Mr. Sinatra to Miss Hyer, who gives him the most terrible time, emotionally.

It's a good thing for Mr. Sinatra that Mr. Dean Martin, a Mississippi gambler whose alcohol intake is fabulous, and Miss MacLaine, whose golden heart is notorious, are standing by for him to fall back on when "Culture" has cast him out—but though they do what they can for him, Mr. Sinatra is doomed to suffer: that is how the calculating machine has added it up—and that's how it's got to be. I don't think you will mind, by the time it's over. It is a long film.

Excellent directed by Mr. Richard Fleischer, *Compulsion* is based on the novel by Mr. Meyer Levin which dealt with the case of the two 18-year-old youths, Leopold and Loeb, who in 1924 murdered a young boy in Chicago. They were the sons of millionaires, they were exceptionally talented (one of them spoke 14 languages), and they had nothing at all against the boy they killed in cold blood: they merely wanted to commit "the perfect crime" to prove themselves people of the highest intelligence, the superiors of all their fellows. With disconcerting ease the despised police brought them to book: they escaped the death penalty through a masterly piece of pleading by counsel for the defence—and were condemned to life imprisonment.

The film, rightly, does not dwell on the actual crime but explores the mentalities that conceived and executed it. Messrs. Bradford Dillman and Dean Stockwell give fine performances as the murderers—the one viperish and dominant, the other uncertain but eager to obey—a paranoiac and a schizophrenic, we are told. But it is Mr. Orson Welles, the defence counsel dedicated to the abolition of capital punishment, who shambles off with the film: soft-voiced, drily witty, dishevelled and weary with fighting against hatred and blood-lust, this is a man of monumental integrity. Mr. Welles has never done anything better.

In *Alias Jesse James*, Mr. Bob Hope, an insurance salesman in the 1890s or thereabouts, finds he has been tricked into selling a life policy to the worst risk in the West—the gunman, Jesse James (Mr. Wendell Corey). To protect his company's interests Mr. Hope has to protect his client's person—and the job of bodyguard to Mr. Corey is, as you can imagine, no sinecure. The idea is quite funny: the film falls a little short of that.

Down go my spirits when I see the title, *Up Periscope*: sure enough, it's another war film. Mr. James Garner, a graduate of the Underwater Demolition School, is put ashore on a Japanese-held island by a U.S. submarine. His mission—to capture a Japanese code book so our side can intercept enemy orders. As the Japanese have carelessly left the code lying on an unguarded desk, the mission is successfully carried out. And I yawned and yawned.

Made in 1948, *Port Of Call* is a simple story of a young sailor, Herr Bengt Eklund, and a girl, Frk. Nine-Christine Jönsson, who is trying to

#### THE FILMS:

*Some came running*  
Frank Sinatra  
Shirley MacLaine  
Dean Martin  
Martha Hyer  
dr. Vincente Minnelli

*Compulsion*  
Orson Welles  
Dean Stockwell  
Bradford Dillman  
Diana Varsi  
dr.

Richard Fleischer  
*Alias Jesse James*  
Bob Hope  
Rhonda Fleming  
Wendell Corey  
dr. Norman McLeod

*Up periscope*  
James Garner  
Edmond O'Brien  
dr. Gordon Douglas

*Port of call*  
Nine-Christine  
Jönsson  
Bengt Eklund  
dr. Ingmar Bergman

*Sex-kitten turns  
soldier-girl. Brigitte  
Bardot in a new rôle.  
The picture she is now  
making, Babette Goes  
To War, shows her as a  
French refugee in  
Britain who joins the  
Free French Forces and  
goes on a secret mission  
to Paris*





escape from herself, her wretched childhood and a reputation for immorality acquired at a reformatory school. It is beautifully acted, unrelentingly solemn, and far from typical of the work of Herr Ingmar Bergman, its distinguished director.

THE TATLER & Bystander  
29 April 1959 263

## Dixieland on the downgrade

**T**HE music of Kid Ory's Dixieland band has for a long time attracted me by its versatility and consistency of performance. In fact, this is one of the American bands which I would most like to hear at home, if only to settle the question of whether their standards are dropping off. Their latest (1957) Columbia album is disappointing by comparison with two 1953 sessions, featuring different personnel, which were released by Good Time Jazz as EPs last month.

Another sad effort is "Dixieland at Carnegie Hall," a Columbia album which boasts the names of half my Dixie heroes, but never comes off. The line-up reads like Eddie Condon's visitors' book. The mistake is in trying to do too much with too many people, resulting in a string of interesting solos which destroy the character, and reveal the weakness, of this important jazz style. Santo Pecora's band, dispensing similar music on the same label, comes nearer to its New Orleans origin, but even this is eclipsed by an exciting 7th Avenue Stompers' performance, a stereophonic recording of great interest, despite the hackneyed repertoire of tunes used as a medium for Vic Dickenson's and Buster Bailey's improvisations.

I mentioned recently that Sidney Bechet's "Petite Fleur" had provided a vehicle for Chris Barber's band to make the hit parade and earn himself a Golden Disc, indicating that its sales have passed the million. Belatedly Vogue have issued Bechet's original; it will not achieve sales equal to a tenth of this figure, but is a far greater performance.

An inevitable appendage to the Newport jazz festival is that the record lists are littered with excerpts from the performances. One concert hinged round the name of Ellington—a sort of tribute to his work as a jazzman—culminating with his own appearance with his band. Most of what had to be said had already been said—and played—but Duke came back with something new, but typical. What comes here is a cross-section of the programme Duke played during his British tour—flamboyant showpieces for his soloists and subtle orchestral pieces.

The latest Newport album, not to be confused with his Philips 1956 epic, presents far more jazz and far less tenor playing by Paul Gonsalves. It is outstanding by any standards, but makes especially interesting the RCA-Camden release of some 1929 Ellingtoniana. Only Hodges and Carney remain to the present day, but the jazz content is emphatically there. Instrumentally the most significant change is in the increase from one trombone for this, his Cotton Club band, to three in the Newport group.

The electric guitar plays an ostentatious part in present-day jazz; I neither like the instrument, nor approve the melodic rôle which it has usurped at the expense of its contribution to the rhythm section. There are, however, two albums which feature the work of important guitarists, all of whom have contributed to the contemporary idiom. "The Fourmost Guitars" embraces solos by Jimmy Raney, Chuck Wayne, Joe Puma, and Dick Garcia; the second is devoted to the work of Barney Kessel, who is generally accepted as the top accompanist in America, having established

## RECORDS by Gerald Lascelles

### THE RECORDS:

7th Avenue  
Stompers  
*Dixieland*—New  
York  
12-in. L.P.  
£1 15s. 9½d.  
London SAH-  
C6007  
Duke Ellington  
*Newport*—1958  
12-in. L.P.  
£1 15s. 9½d.  
Philips BBL7279  
Duke Ellington  
*At the Cotton Club*  
12-in. L.P.  
£1 6s. 2½d.  
RCA-Camden  
CDN119  
Kid Ory  
*Hi-Fi Ory*  
E.P.s 13s.  
Good Time Jazz  
EPG1217/18  
Santo Pecora  
*On Canal Street*  
E.P. 11s. 3½d.  
Columbia  
SEB10104  
Sidney Bechet  
*Petite Fleur*  
E.P. 6s. 4d.  
Vogue 45V9141

VERDICTS  
*continued overleaf*



*A springtime vista, from The Gardens In The Royal Park At Windsor, by Lanning Roper. These gardens (they are open to the public) are largely the result of King George VI's interest in horticulture, and rival the finest landscape gardening of the 18th century*

## VERDICTS continued

a formidable reputation with Oscar Peterson and other alumni from the *Jazz at the Philharmonic* groups. Another of these groups, incidentally, opens here on 2 May, with that famous drummer, Gene Krupa, leading one of three quartets.

## The Medicis were never like this

### BOOKS by Siriol Hugh-Jones

UNDER a bland, pretty and witty jacket by Osbert Lancaster that makes its own calmly deadpan comment on the book's theme, *The Proud Possessors* ranks as one of the most entertaining and topical books I have read for weeks. Its author, Aline B. Saarinen, is art critic of the *New York Times*, and her book is so clearly a fascinator that one wonders why no one had the notion of doing it before—a series of studies of the fabulously rich Americans who have been methodically buying up half the art treasures of Europe over the last 70 years.

Mrs. Saarinen's breathtaking exhibits include Mrs. Potter Palmer, who built herself a castle in Chicago with a bedroom "roomy enough," said the journalists with zest, "for Hercules and his wife," and a sunken bath in the shape of a swan; the eccentric Isabella Stewart Gardner, who was painted by Sargent and created the incredible Fenway Court in Boston; the dauntless Steins; the enigmatic Rockefellers, who have a conscience about being rich; and the highly colourful Peggy Guggenheim, who appears photographed cheerfully at the bottom of a mound of small, superlatively shaggy dogs.

The characters of the drama are so weird and remarkable, so buoyant, so dedicated and busy that one simply cannot—at least while reading the book—grudge them the long, deep haul they made in the not-inexhaustible art reservoir of Europe. My favourite among them is the lady with the magnificent name of Electra Havemeyer Webb, who has collected practically everything including architecture, and sounds like about the nicest super-rich woman alive.

One most cheerful thing about this book is the way it proves it can be extremely enjoyable to be as rich as Croesus, and need not necessarily send one out of one's mind with guilt, boredom and lack

of occupation. And the sad thing is that the really fantastic collections were built from money, love, judgement and money, one feels, in that order. I'd have liked just one little Cinderella-collector—but maybe such a one never existed in America.

*Somerset Maugham, a candid portrait*, is another American book, written by Karl Pfeiffer, Professor of English at New York University. A chatty, gossipy, feet-on-the-table, determinedly un-academic sort of book, it is full of news about Mr. Maugham remarking that someone was a complete son of a bitch, or playing bridge with the Windsors, or worrying about the pregnancy of his favourite dachshund as World War Two drew nearer. From time to time Professor Pfeiffer had me really caught by the staff problems at the Villa Mauresque, but I cannot think Mr. Maugham truly such a trivial, light-minded old bird as large chunks of this odd, ambiguous little book would make you believe.

This year books with jackets showing people horizontal in the air seem to be all the rage. Italo Calvino's fantasy *Baron in the Trees* is a rum, sad, eerie and rather touching little trifle about an 18th-century aristocrat who climbs a tree at the age of 12 on a point of principle, and never comes down again. Calvino most tenderly and hauntingly builds a tree-world for his elevated hero, provides him with a destructive love-life, and even introduces him to Napoleon. In the end the noble tree-man vanishes clutching the anchor of a balloon that happens to be passing. Unexpectedly, you care about him and his self-imposed predicament. Nevertheless, the book ends not a moment too soon, for all its off-beat charm and curiously melancholy cadence. I couldn't have scrambled up one more branch.

*In Two Minds*, by Mary Cecil, is a trustworthy, conscientious, unmelodramatic novel about a woman fighting a mental collapse. Much of it takes the form of conversations between Clare Hammond, her friends and doctors and nurses, and the private devil that lives in her own mind, which does not always make it too easy to follow exactly who is speaking to whom. The account of what a course of insulin treatment feels like is alarmingly convincing, without any recourse to sensationalism.

But poor Clare's background is so glum—she is worrying incessantly about her childhood and past, Mother, and an unbelievably saintly and devoted musician called Edmund with whom she is having an affair fraught with difficulties—that the whole climate becomes fearfully dispiriting, like wading through a fog with one's head wrapped in a warm damp towel. (Could this, in fact, have been precisely what Miss Cecil intended, and I am simply unsympathetic to fogs?) The book also seems to me to have overgrown its strength—at about half the present length, as a series of brief, sharp impressions, it might have been a knock-out.



## THE BOOKS:

*The proud possessors*  
by Aline B. Saarinen  
(Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 30s.)

*Somerset Maugham, a candid portrait*  
by Karl Pfeiffer  
(Gollancz, 18s.)

*Baron in the trees*  
Italo Calvino  
(Collins, 13s. 6d.)

*In two minds*  
by Mary Cecil  
(Hamish Hamilton, 15s.)

*David Piper (author "Peter Tower") and his wife Anne are having novels published on the same day, by different publishers. Trial By Battle is his third book, and Sweet & Plenty Anne Piper's seventh. They live in a riverside house at Hammer-smith*





## SUMMER PREVIEW for the beach season



Swimsuit and beach accessories shown here and on the following pages were all photographed in Kenya. There the vogue is for one-piece swimsuits with never a bikini in sight. Beauty on the white coral beach at Nyali, near Mombasa, is Marla Scarafia. She wears a Jaeger swimsuit in featherweight Helanca stretch nylon with shoulder protection from the sun. Made in many colours it costs 5 gns. at Jaeger's, Regent Street and Manchester branches. Shirt and shorts in the cover picture (left) are by Polly Peck in brilliant coral silk shantung. On sale at Simpson's, Piccadilly; Anthonie, Cardiff; and Leaders, Leeds; price: 8 gns. Bathers are safe in the clear water at Nyali, a long coral reef a few miles offshore keeps out intruding sharks

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOLINARE

# SUMMER PREVIEW

for the beach season *continued*

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THE TATLER  
& Bystander  
29 April 1959

For cruising and holiday wear anywhere in the sun, a three-piece suit made of a heavy white structured rayon in white and turquoise. The slacks are worn with a camisole sun-top, the jacket is quartered like a medieval tabard. All inquiries to Teddy Tinling, North End Road, Kensington, W.14, and Schofields, Leeds. The price approximately 16 gns.







For bathing, or just plain lazing in the sun, a French model swimsuit (*left*) which can be worn with or without its shoulder straps. It is in quick-drying printed elasticized nylon and has a built-in bra. Imported by Leonard & Denis, and obtainable at Cecylia, 89a Wigmore Street, and Dalys, Glasgow. Price: 6 gns. The perfectly fitting suit of flower printed Helanca stretch nylon (*above*) is designed and made by Caprice, well known as makers of foundation garments. It has the covered-up look which predominates in this season's swimwear. Obtainable at Tracy, New Bond Street; Brown Thomas, Dublin; and Doris Floyd, Birmingham. Price: 6 gns.



## SUMMER PREVIEW

for the beach season *continued*

Jeans remain among the most favourite garments for the beach. These are made in a Swiss satinized cotton dyed a vibrant coral. They fit snugly and are worn with a white shirt blouse of the same material. From Kay Perry Originals and obtainable at Peter Jones and Simpson, Piccadilly. Shirt: 6½ gns., jeans: 9 gns. (also in other colours). Matching straw hat from the Eaton Bag Co. White leather sandals from Gamba



**Helanca** stretch nylon, light-weight and quick-drying, is ideal for swimsuits.

It is also most accommodating as it moulds itself to the shape of the body. Slix made this functional suit in three background colours, coral, green and peacock overprinted with large black spots. At Dickins & Jones, London; Bobby, Folkestone; and Jenners, Edinburgh. Price: £3 12s. 6d.



Deep red cabbage roses form an all-over pattern for Teddy Tinling's perfectly cut swimsuit of elasticized nylon. There is also a shirt-style jacket of nylon taffeta printed with the same design which can be worn with the suit, which alone costs £7 10s. The black straw hat is also from Teddy Tinling. All inquiries to his studio at North End Road, West Kensington, W.14. Red leather sandals decorated with fruit from Gamba, Dean Street, W.1

## SUMMER PREVIEW

for the beach season *conclude*



**Nairobi** is 300 miles from the sea so residents rely on swimming pools like this one at the home of Mrs. Jack Block (her husband owns the Norfolk and New Stanley hotels). Her visitor (left) is Mrs. Petal Harrigan wearing a gay printed suit of elasticized nylon imported from France by Leonard & Denis. The colours here are blue and orange but there are many other variations. The suit has a built-in bra and can be worn with or without straps. At Cecylia, 89a Wigmore Street and Dalys, Glasgow: price, 8 gns.



**Lounging** time in tapered woven cotton slacks and a printed shirt of the lightest tropical cotton. The outfit is made by Fredrica and obtainable in several colour combinations at Woollands, Knightsbridge; Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead; and David Evans, Swansea. The shirt costs £2 19s. 6d., the slacks 4 gns. Hat by the Eaton Bag Company







**Sophisticated** swimsuit in black Helanca stretch nylon is edged with white, is easy-fitting and has a look that is definitely 1959. The suit is made by Dorville and obtainable from Woollands, Knightsbridge and Bentalls, Kingston-on-Thames. Price: £6 12s. 6d. The natural straw hat is from the Eaton Bag Company

**Imported** from France, an elasticated "Pied de Poule" swimsuit woven in a fine blue and white stripe is worn by Mrs. Harrigan who lives in Nairobi and is the mother of four children. The suit has a built-in bra and is a Leonard & Denis model stocked by Cecylia, 89a, Wigmore Street and Dalys, Glasgow, price 6 gns.

# Designed to mix or match



Hot days on the beach will find you looking cool and collected in this trio of eminently wearable play clothes. Taking stock (*left*) top and pants in vivid pink—nicest complement to a tan—cut on elegant, spare lines. Special point about the fabric; it is washable, linen-like and has a hopsack weave. There is a matching skirt (not shown). Jacket 67s. 6d., pants 75s., skirt, 69s. 6d. Sunglasses with upcurving rims, 52s. 6d., straw banded wedge-heeled sandals, 45s. *Right*: winning formula for the sun, a cover-up, curving top worn with sawn-ed shorts. Top in pink and white printed crease-resistant cotton. Worn beneath them, plain pink shorts. Jacket 59s. 6d., shorts 42s. Widely brimmed beach hat in shiny white and pink straw, £1. *Far right*: pretty exponent of the one piece bathing suit matches the printed jacket. Halter-necked and sporting large pink bow, it has an elasticized back, 75s. Capacious beach bag in blue, red and yellow canvas, 6½ gns. Specially designed to mix or match, all the clothes & accessories are at Debenhams & Freebods.





## BEAUTY

## Early to the stylist

by JEAN CLELAND

Good grooming for young heads is a newly important trend and more mothers are recognizing the importance of stylists in this field. Below are some ideas, opinions and pictures from three experts



**Mr. Kavanagh** presides over the children's hairdressing department at *Selfridges*. He says: "Many children have their own ideas as to how they would like their hair done. Nevertheless, we generally advise the mothers—who are taking a much greater interest nowadays—to let them have something that will be easy to manage at home. As a rule, we find that the best way of cutting and dressing a child's hair, is to find the correct parting, and then encourage the natural run of the hair to suit the child's face." *Little boys flock to Selfridges and have to be specially catered for. Their hair has to be graduated and this means a hand-work technique in which the whole operation is done with comb and scissors*

**André Bernard's** salons are at 20 Grafton Street and 18 Dover Street, W.1. He says: "It is never too early for a child to receive specialized attention of any description. This applies particularly to the hair. A little coercion from those who know, is the best way to make sure of the proverbial crowning glory at a later date. Badly cut hair, vigorously brushed against the natural growth, can spell disaster; whereas expert cutting and simple styling by skilled technicians make for the development of a pretty head of hair, and a healthy one"



**Alan Spiers** has a specialist staff in his younger set & children's department at 27 Berkeley Square, W.1. He says: "The shaping of a child's hair is of great importance . . . the hair becomes trained, and will look better groomed and more attractive in later years. With expert cutting, it falls into place automatically, so that it can be easily managed at home. For setting, we use a delicate lotion made up in our clinic, called *Pink Satin*. It is mild, and gives body to the hair. Shampoos for children must be chosen with particular care, always taking into consideration the kind of hair for which they are to be used. We make them up individually. If a mother wants one for use at home, she can have it to take away, with instructions as to how it should be used." *Mr. Spiers is against too much brushing. As a rule a child's hair is soft and fine, and must be treated carefully. He believes that styling should be governed by the shape of the face. "You will see that the little girl in my picture has a round chubby face, and so, to give it length and height, the hair has been brushed up in the front. If on the other hand, the face is long and thin, we bring the hair forward, and sometimes in the case of a high forehead, give a fringe." He doesn't believe in perms for young children. "Good cutting can encourage even the slightest tendency to a natural wave, and the mother can help it still further by slightly damping the hair and pressing it into a wave with the fingers. At the age of about 13 or 14 a gentle perm is permissible"*



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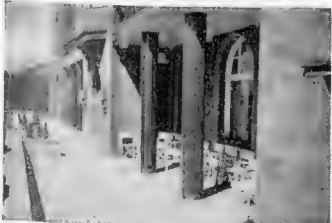
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and inspects some comforts which can  
become necessities when you  
get down to the sea

Harrods have a selection of Li-los and sea-floats in rubberized canvas, either double or single size. Two new ones are *Carnival* (single sizes only) and *Convertible*. The *Carnival*, an air-bed, comes in wide candy stripes—red and white, green and white or blue and white—price: £2 16s. 3d. The *Convertible*, in multi-coloured wavy stripes, makes up into an inflated bed or chair, price: £4 16s. 6d. All Li-los fold up very small so that the question of space hardly arises. Harrods also sell various kinds of stoves for those who like cooking in comfort on the beach. A very small and neat one is run on gas and has a single ring with an adjustable flame. The gas is in a removable cartridge which fits into the upright stand of the stove and additional cartridges or refills are sold separately. The stove costs £3 8s. 6d., cartridges, 3s. 6d. each.

The Eaton Bag Company, 16 Manette Street, W.1, makes all styles of straw hats (see fashion pages), bags, shopping baskets, beach shoes and anything else in straw or raffia work. Their things are all hand-plaited and sewn. Hats are in straw, palm leaf or raffia in various shapes—their wide-brimmed panamas are especially attractive. Shoes are stocked in all sizes, but can be made to order, as may anything by this company. They also have a first-class collection of shells and carved wooden animals from Kenya, Uganda and Rhodesia. For anyone wanting bead curtains, they can make them to order, in any size and colours.

*Minette Shepard*



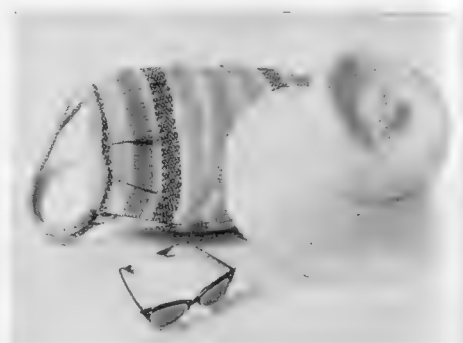
For picnics on the beach, Vacco's sensibly-sized food jar and their new family-size vacuum tea flask with an incorporated milk bottle (foreground) which fits into a screw-on container on the bottom of the flask. Both from hardware and leading stores, prices: food jar about 26s. 2d., flask about 17s. 6d.



For that all-important shade—a generous beach parasol in green canvas. It can be shortened or lengthened by an extra steel tube, as desired. Price: £9 5s. from Army & Navy Stores. An eye-catching beach towel by Christy with a printed diamond pattern, from Selfridges. Price: about 24s. 6d.



For underwater sports enthusiasts, Lillywhites have a wide choice of equipment. Above is a beginner's outfit. These rubber fins fit like shoes and float if they become detached. In three sizes, prices: £2 8s. 3d., £2 15s. & £2 19s. 6d. Goggles with adjustable straps, price: 29s. 6d. Double-bend snorkel with rubber mouthpiece, price: 15s.



For your beachwear accessories try Simpson's (Piccadilly) Continental collection. This hat, coarsely plaited in glossy white straw, folds into any shape or space, price: 25s. Roomy and waterproof-lined beach bag in woven straw and string, price: £3 10s. Sunglasses with red surround cost £2 12s. 6d.

## BEAUTY AND THE CLOCK

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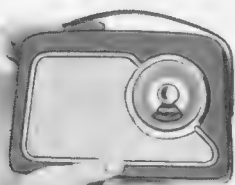
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## Can you tell t'other from which?



WITH THE RILEY 4/68 announced last week, the B.M.C. completes an important part of its new model programme and one which has caused mixed reactions. (Incidentally, the "4" is for the number of cylinders and the "68" is the original estimate of the power to be obtained from the 1489 cc. engine when fitted with twin carburettors, since converted by B.M.C. engineers, with praiseworthy regard for the truth, to 66.5 b.h.p. as installed in the car.)

There are now five five-seater saloons, all with the same basic Farina-styled body shell, the same engine, gearbox, steering and suspension, but with five different radiator grilles and two types of tail fin (long and short), and readers are now writing to ask me how to distinguish between them. The differences of equipment, seat design and trim are matters of personal taste and the depth of one's pocket. Mechanical differences are few. Taking them in rising order of price the Austin A55, Morris Oxford and Wolseley 15/60 have a single carburettor and 4.55 to 1 rear axle ratio. The M.G. Magnette and Riley 4/68 have twin carburettors and a 4.3 to 1 axle. Gear levers are generally on the floor, but those who prefer it can have a steering column lever on the Austin.

The choice is further complicated by the fact that there are now two Wolseleys and two Rileys with the same engines and gearboxes but with different sizes of body, making seven 1½-litre saloons from one corporation. No wonder journalists have run out of "angles" in trying to describe each new variant, and the customers, with a fine disregard for grammar, are beginning to ask: "Who do they think they're kidding?"

From the commercial point of view the B.M.C. keeps faith with all the agents for all its makes by giving them all modern 1500 c.c. 5-seater family saloons to sell, without getting involved in a wasteful diversity of body pressings and mechanical parts. But whether it is necessary for them all to be competing for this one limited sector of the market, or whether indeed it is now necessary to keep all these makes alive, are at least debatable points. One cannot help feeling that the effort and expense involved in producing those different bonnets, grilles and wings might have been expended more profitably from the buyer's point of view in producing a Farina-styled station wagon. For the B.M.C. now has seven 1½-litre saloons, but no corresponding station wagon except for the old Morris Oxford which is kept on for those who do

not mind buying something heavily outclassed in style by the saloon from the same stable.

For the manufacturers it was obviously convenient to announce the different models at intervals as they were brought into production (and as stocks of the old models were cleared) but many pressmen at home and abroad would have preferred one big announcement which enabled them to describe the features of the basic design and explain the variations. Instead, the B.M.C.'s own publicity people had to fall back on spurious-sounding references to the great tradition of each make. It is stretching credulity rather far to suggest that the diverse lines of progress initiated by such staunch individualists as Lord Austin, Lord Nuffield, the Riley family and Cecil Kimber all find their logical fulfilment in one basic car with relatively minor variations.

Do not misunderstand me; these are in my opinion handsome, well finished and soundly constructed cars which represent very good value for money, and will fire the pride of many owners. The first of the series were received

enthusiastically abroad as some of the best-looking and most practical cars ever made in Britain and it is a sad failure of public relations when further announcements are greeted with a bored shrug or cynical witticisms.

The B.M.C., for all its size, has set itself a difficult problem, keeping as many different makes as General Motors in production with a fraction of the output. It is just not possible to spend the kind of money which endows Cadillacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks, Pontiacs and Chevrolets with different bodies, engines, and transmissions in bewildering profusion. There may be a danger of the foreign buyer, tired of trying to choose between similar cars, being lured away by the simpler appeal of a single Volkswagen, Vauxhall, Ford, Opel, or Fiat in his price and power class.

I cannot fully sympathize with the prophets of doom who complain, for example, that the M.G. Magnette is "no longer an M.G." (the trade tells me these chaps have been snapping up stocks of the old model). After all, the previous Magnette shared its body shell, engine, gearbox and suspension with the Wolseley 15/50 and the one before that had a body derived from that of the E-type Morris Minor. Nor is this an exclusively postwar development. There was a time when the Rover Ten, Hillman Minx and B.S.A. all shared one body shell.

What seems a pity to me is the fact that the similarity between the cars extends to minor deficiencies and defects as well as to major advantages. If the individual traditions of the various makes still had any real practical influence I doubt if they would all have accelerator pedals just too short to permit comfortable heel and toe operation on brake and accelerator when changing down. Some of them might have parking lamps or coat hooks, or town and country horns. And they might not all have been fitted with that same B.M.C. gearbox which Continental drivers call "a four-speed box with two bottom gears" because they consider second too low.

The problem of road noise transmitted into the body has not yet been completely overcome and there is scope for further development on the suspension and steering of the M.G. and Riley. But I hope no one will be discouraged by these reflections from investigating the merits and attractions of these good-looking cars.

ANSWERS TO T'OTHER FROM WHICH. From left: Riley 4/68, M.G. Magnette (Mark II), Wolseley 15/60, A55 Cambridge (Mark II) Morris Oxford (Series V).





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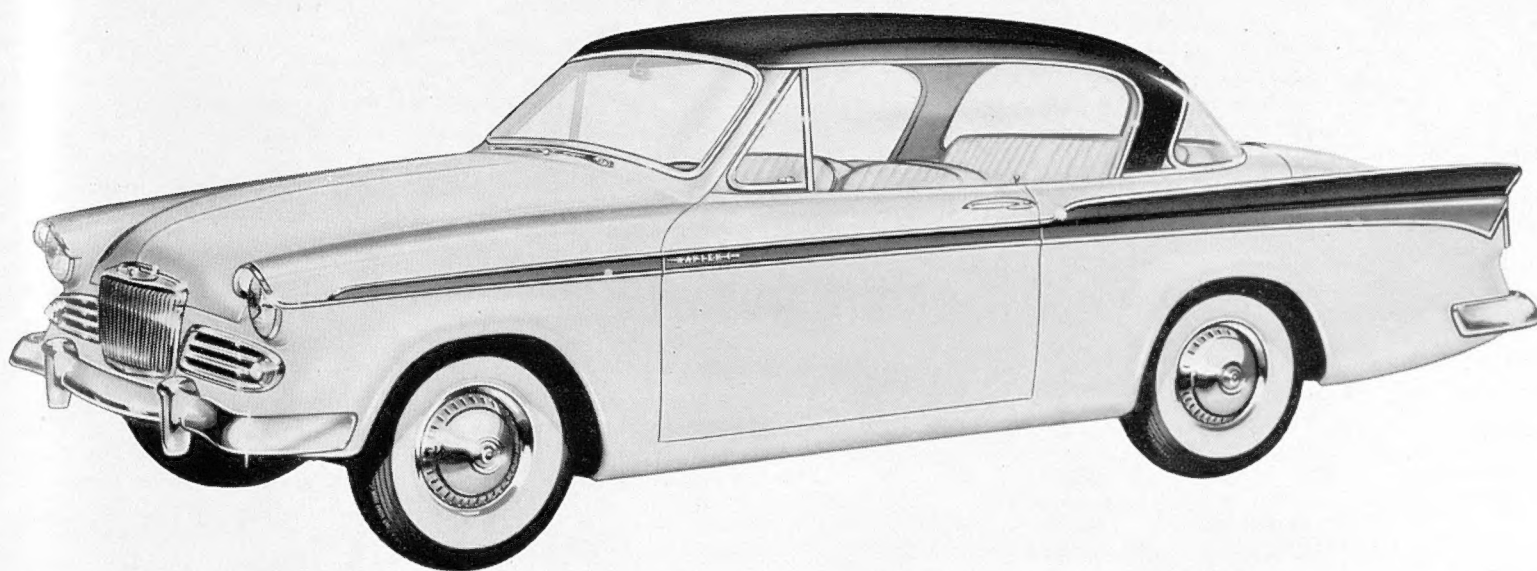
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## DINING IN

## Summer ways with crab

by HELEN BURKE

AS THE SUMMER advances crabs will be more plentiful, and cheaper too, making an acceptable alternative to the more expensive lobster.

A pleasant way with cooked crab is to serve it with rice on scallop shells. Boil Patna rice so that each grain is separate and dry. Dress it with oil, lemon juice, mustard and seasoning to taste. Put a layer in each shell, place a good tablespoon of flaked crab meat well moistened with mayonnaise on it and finish with a sprinkling of paprika.

Canned crab generally comes in larger pieces and lends itself to the *Newburg* touch. Turn the crab into a pan, add a walnut or two of butter, a dessertspoon of sherry, seasoning to taste, and simmer to reduce the liquid. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint double cream with an egg yolk beaten into it and heat through, without boiling, until the sauce has thickened. This can also be served with Patna rice, boiled and dry, with a lump of butter melting through it.

Crab soufflé, in individual ramekins, makes a wonderful beginning for a spring luncheon. Well butter 5-6 ramekins. Gently cook  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz. plain flour in 1 oz. butter, without colouring it. Remove and stir in just under  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint warm milk. Return to the heat and simmer, while stirring, until the sauce tends to leave the sides of the pan. Add about a teacup of flaked crab meat, taste and season with salt, a few grains of Cayenne pepper and a tiny pinch of grated nutmeg, allowing for the eggs which are to be added. Remove and add 1 oz. grated Parmesan, then mix in 3 egg yolks, one at a time. Finally, fold in the stiffly whipped egg whites. Two-thirds fill the ramekins with the mixture and bake for 7 to 8 minutes in a hot oven (425-450 deg. F. or gas mark 7-8).

Crab cocktails are even simpler meal-starters and just as good as those made with lobster. For 4-6 servings, flake the flesh of a cooked medium-sized crab, having about a breakfast cup of meat. Place a

each of 4-6 glasses and put a portion of crab meat on top.

Make a teacup of cocktail sauce using equal portions of double cream and real mayonnaise (not salad cream) with just enough tomato ketchup to tint the sauce the palest pink. Add a teaspoon of sherry and season the sauce with salt and a tiny pinch of curry-powder. At the last minute, spoon this over the crab meat and serve immediately.

In the southern states of North America, there is a crab dish more exciting than most of our own recipes. The following is from *The Gourmet Cookbook\** and should serve 4 persons:

Finely chop 1 medium-sized onion and simmer it in 1 tablespoon butter for 2 minutes, stirring con-

stantly. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour and brown lightly. Add 4 medium-sized tomatoes, peeled and cut in small pieces, 1 cup fish stock, 1 small green pepper, 2 tablespoons parsley and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup green olives, all finely chopped. Mix thoroughly, season to taste with salt, pepper, a tiny pinch of thyme leaves and mace, and simmer gently for 10 minutes.

Stir in 2 teaspoons Worcester sauce and 2 cups cooked crab meat. Turn the mixture into an oiled earthenware casserole and sprinkle with buttered breadcrumbs. Bake in a moderate oven for 15 to 20 minutes or until the crumbs are delicately browned. Serve in the casserole.

\* Published by Hamish Hamilton at 75s.



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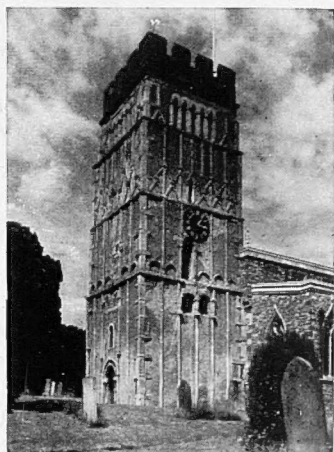
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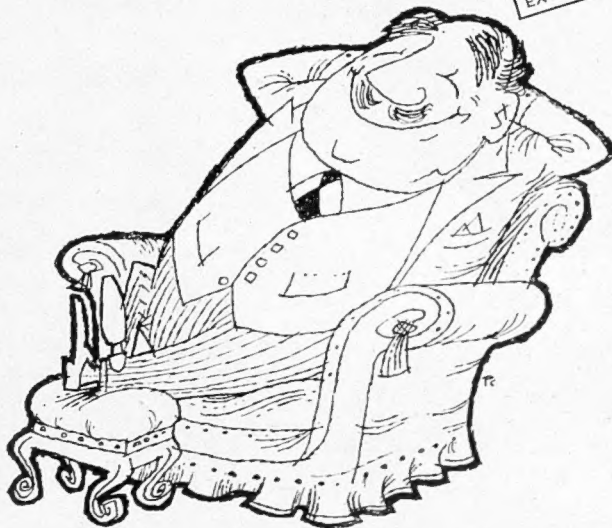
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## Schweppshire Guide *to public speaking*

### NO. 3 HOW TO OPEN A FLOWER SHOW

As everybody knows, there never was such an expert in flower-show-opening, such a perfectionist in this difficult art, as Lady Margaret Horley-Lampe. "A great pleasure to come amongst you once more" is of course the right way to begin: but it is not exactly what she says—it is the absolute rightness of her general Flower Show qualities. To begin with, as the daughter of a Duke but married to a Mr., her position is ideal, and her choice inevitable. It is true that in 1953 her sequence of sixteen consecutive appearances was incredibly broken in favour of Miss Daphne Dote, the film actress, from Ruislip: but fortunately this breach was healed by the resignation of that unsuitable Show Secretary, Charlie Wiggins. Lady Margaret knows exactly when to arrive, by which entrance, and across what reserved paddock, in her completely un-self-driven car. Flower Show colours, we observe from her, are strongly pale and emphatically matching. The accent is on the good grey of her suede gloves. Her coat, pale in a very slightly contrasted direction, is English summer weight—i.e. suitable for all purposes.

"All of us who have the interests of the Flower Show at heart" is a good thing to say before a slight criticism: but Lady Margaret was so outstandingly suitable that nobody minded, or indeed noticed, if in her speech she wandered to the extent of mentioning her plan for a washing-up machine in the canteen of the kennel club. But the Complete Opener should know by instinct that it is Goatley, cashier of the little bank in the High Street, who is this year's Secretary; she will remember that Miss Edelscote must be complimented, as she has been for the last twenty years, for producing the best *Lauschia phipps-vaughanii*, though it is faintly annoying that as always she slightly mispronounces Miss Edelscote's name. She is delighted, once more, that the younger people are taking an interest in flowers; and though she somehow infers that flower shows in general are not subject to the petty differences of local politics, she makes it fairly clear which politics these are.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him